The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The December Bookman will be a special Christmas Number, and, in addition to all usual features, will contain a portfolio of pictures in colour; a large number of presentation plates in colour and black-and-white, and four large and fully illustrated supplements dealing with the new books of the season. The literary contents will include articles on "Two Plays by John Drinkwater," by John Freeman; "Cromwell and Lincoln," by Professor John Adams; "F. W. H. Myers," by A. E. Waite; "Children in English Poetry," by Gilbert Thomas; "Flaubert," by R. Ellis Roberts; "Fireside Fairies," by Katharine Tynan; "Beethoven," by George Sampson; "A. P. Herbert," by C. S. Evans; "What Poets—especially living Poets—and which of their Poems should be included in the Golden Treasury of the Future?" by Harold Munro, with a symposium on the same subject by Professor Oliver Elton, Professor Hugh Walker, G. K. Chesterton, Lady Margaret Sackville, Gerald Gould, Siegfried Sassoon, Thomas Moult, etc., etc. The Number will make a handsomely bound, beautifully produced volume, and, though a large edition is being printed, readers are urged to place their orders at once, as there is every indication that this year, as usual, it will be sold out immediately after publication, and owing to mechanical difficulties it is impossible to reprint.

To commemorate Sir William Robertson Nicoll's seventieth birthday on October 10th, Sir Ernest Hodder-Williams and Lady Hodder-Williams entertained at a special dinner, at the Hyde Park Hotel, Sir William and Lady Robertson Nicoll and the members of their family, and a few of Sir William's intimate friends, including the Prime Minister and Mrs. Lloyd George, Lord and Lady Riddell, Sir James Barrie, Colonel and Mrs. Buchan, Miss Beatrice Harraden, Professor and Mrs. John Adams, the Rev. T. H. Darlow, and Dr. and Mrs. Burnett Smith. At a reception held later Sir William received the congratulations of a large and very brilliant assembly of authors, journalists and distinguished politicians. It was a thronged and pleasantly informal gathering of fellow-craftsmen and friends whose presence in honour of the occasion Sir William very warmly appreciated.

XUM

In "Pen-Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen: Their Work and their Methods," Mr. Joseph Pennell makes a study of the art of pen-drawing, surveying the best work of the past and giving technical suggestions as to the most effective ways of doing such work. The book, which is illustrated with numerous examples of the drawings of famous artists, will be published immediately by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

"Eskimo Folk Tales," by Knud Rasmussen and W. Worster, which Messrs. Gyldendal publish, have been taken down at first-hand in various parts of Greenland and are the first collection of such stories ever made. The book contains illustrations by native Eskimo artists.

Mr. Stanley Paul is publishing "Success," by Lord Beaverbrook, a book which promises to be an inspiration and a guide for the young and ambitious.

Mr. John Freeman, who was awarded the Hawthornden prize last year for the best work of imaginative literature, has written a new book entitled "Music," which is being published by Messrs. Selwyn & Blount, Ltd. The volume comprises about eighty lyrical and several long narrative poems, some of which form a new element in his work.

"The Thomas Hardy Book Calendar," which Mr. Cecil Palmer is publishing, contains extracts from the works of Mr. Hardy for every day of the year. It has a portrait and introduction, and is very tastefully produced.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Stephen Leacock,**
who is now in England on a lecture tour.

Sir Sidney Colvin's "Memories and Notes of Persons and Places," which we announced a few months ago, is to be published immediately by Messrs. Edward Arnold & Co.

"The Book of Fair Women," by E. O. Hoppé, which Mr. Jonathan Cape is publishing, contains a series of thirty-two portraits of beautiful women, several famous in our time, and others that Mr. Hoppé has seen on his travels in remote parts of the world. The photographs are reproduced by a special photogravure process. Mr. Richard King has written an introductory essay on the beauty of women.

After unavoidable delays, Mr Johnston Abraham has completed a successor to "The Surgeon's Log," and relates the remarkable adventures he went through in the early days of the war in "My Balkan Log," which Messrs. Chapman & Hall are publishing immediately.

A new publishing firm, Messrs. Chapman & Dodd, Limited, have opened premises in Denmark Street, W.C. For the moment, they are chiefly concerned with cheap reprints, but they have already made arrangements for a number of new books. The managing director, Mr. G. P. Chapman, who was until recently with Mr. Werner Laurie, comes of a famous publishing family, Edward Chapman, the founder of Messrs. Chapman & Hall, having been

Mr. A. MacCallum Scott, M.P.,
whose new book, "Barbary: The Romance of the Nearest East," has just been published by Mr. Thornton Butterworth.

his great-uncle, and the late Frederick Chapman his cousin.

"Sarah and her Family," by Bertha Pearl, which Mr. Leonard Parsons is publishing, is a story of New York's Ghetto, showing a Ghetto family as it lives from day to day.

Mr. James C. Welsh, of Low Waters, Hamilton, who has lately been elected Vice-President of the Lanarkshire Mineworkers' Union, is the author of that powerfully realistic story, "The Underworld," which Mr. Herbert Jenkins published about a year ago. His book has gone through five editions in Great Britain and a large edition in America, and has been translated into French, Dutch and Scandinavian. Mr. Welsh has almost completed another novel, which will be published next spring.

Mr. James C. Welsh.

Hardly any novelist is quite satisfied with his sales; the larger they are the larger he thinks they ought to be; but Mr. Harold Bell Wright, whose "Helen of the Old House" has just been published by Messrs. Appleton, must be one of the rare exceptions. For he has written nine novels, and they have had an average sale of over a million copies apiece, and when that happens to an author he has to look round for something else to complain about. In his early days Mr. Wright worked as a painter and decorator and at divers other trades, when necessity drove him. He has known the horrors of unemployment and the misery of going hungry. Before he was twenty he had resolved to enter the ministry; when after a period at Hiram College his health broke down, he went to regain it to the Ozark Mountains and served as minister to the mountaineers, who presently came to regard him as their friend and adviser in material as well as in spiritual affairs. He pursued his calling for some years in divers places, and his first novel, "The Printer of Udells," was not planned as a book but to be read in instalments to his congregation in Pittsburg, Kansas. His people urged him to publish it, and its success moved him, while seeking health in the Ozarks, to write "The Shepherd of the Hills." His readers already numbered hundreds of thousands, and long before his ninth novel, "The Re-creation of Brian Kent" (1919), he was established as the most popular novelist in America. "Each of my books," he recently told an interviewer, "has been written for a very definite purpose. 'Helen of the Old House' was written because it grew upon me since the close of the war that some one should declare that the ideal held up during that struggle should be applied to our own affairs in peace. I thought, 'What would happen if we could apply the standards of intensive loyalty and co-operation to these times of peace? Would it not solve many of our problems?'"

Photo by Compton Collier. **Mr. W. L. George,**

whose new novel, "The Confessions of Ursula Trent," has just been published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, and his "London Mosiacs" by Messrs. Collins.

Mr. Harold Bell Wright.

Messrs. W. Paxton & Co., the music publishers, to help people over the difficulty they experience, on going into a music shop, of choosing exactly what they want, are issuing a useful and attractive booklet entitled "New Issues." This shows a comprehensive range of new publications in vocal, instrumental, or dance music, the music being reproduced in miniature, but sufficiently large and clear to be tried over at home before you decide what music you will buy.

"Mendoza and a Little Lady," a tale of Chelsea life by William Caine, will be published forthwith by Messrs. Putnams.

Miss Adelaide Eden Phillpotts, the daughter of the distinguished novelist, is known in her own right as the author of two charming books of verse. She has lately been trying a 'prentice hand at fiction, and her first short story, "The Goat Girl," a tale of the moors, is to appear in the November Number of *Lloyd's Magazine*.

Mr. Hamilton Fyfe,

whose new novel, "The Fruit of the Tree," Mr. Leonard Parsons is publishing. Mr. Hamilton Fyfe is editing the new monthly, *Looking Forward*, which he describes as "a review of what is being done, said and thought all over the world, from the standpoint of the man who is out to end War."

"The Warwick Rewards" is the title given to a new half-crown series of popular books for boys and girls, which Messrs. Jarrold are publishing. The volumes are well printed and attractively bound, and the first six include two admirable stories by Robert Leighton, "The Cleverest Chap in the School" and "The Perils of Peterkin"; "The Treasure Hunters," by John Mackie, and "A Handful of Rebels," by R. Jacberns.

With "The Street of Faces" and "Wayfarers in Arcady," Mr. Charles Vince has proved himself one of the most charming and individual of latter-day essayists. He has completed a new book, "Barrie Marvel: His Dreams and Adventures," some chapters from the childhood of a solitary and imaginative boy, which Mr. Philip Allan will publish next spring.

A new novel by Miss Muriel Hine, "Torquil's Success," will be published on November 4th by Mr. John Lane.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

SIR BASIL THOMSON, K.C.B.

THOUGH to many people the name of Sir Basil Thomson may mean chiefly the one-time Governor of Dartmoor and Wormwood Scrubbs Prisons or the head of the Special Branch of the Metropolitan Police at "the Yard," he has a high reputation quite apart from that gained for his work in connection with crime and its correction. He is indeed, I would venture to claim, primarily a bookman—though he himself might not perhaps agree with that particular finding. When I spoke to a fellow-writer of Sir Basil as being author of some fascinating volumes on life and affairs in islands of the South Pacific I was met with an assured, "Oh, but that is another Basil Thomson." Though I contradicted my friend with as much courtesy as is consistent with the consciousness of superior knowledge, I fancy that he remained of his old opinion still. The man who is now head of the Special Branch at Scotland Yard was in 1890 Prime Minister of Tonga, and had been born twenty-nine years earlier, just a year before that distinguished divine, his father, had been preferred to the high office of Archbishop of York.

So much of a true bookman is Sir Basil Thomson that his experiences whether abroad or at home seem to have promptly moved him to rendering them in literary form. (When called to be Governor of Dartmoor Prison he seems to have been soon inspired to become the historian of the place.) That after all is surely one of the most notable characteristics of your true bookman—given an experience, it is his instinct to render it in words, to "make a

book of it." And very excellent are the books which Sir Basil Thomson has made of his experiences. I recall the pleasure which I had in reading more than a quarter of a century ago, as reviewer, one or two of the earlier of these volumes, and I have been re-reading them with no less lively interest. So well do they stand this supreme test of re-reading that it may be hoped that the author will some day give us a collected uniform edition of those of his works embodying studies of the South Pacific. The writer shows himself possessed of such powers of observation and sympathy, gives evidence of interest so keen in the people among whom he lived, that his books have a peculiar vividness and an actuality that place them among the best of their kind.

Photo by Maull & Fox. **Sir Basil Thomson, K.C.B.**

It was in 1894 there came the first of that series of intimate, observant volumes which showed that a new travel-writer had appeared —a writer to whom it had been given to enjoy experiences in some of the least exploited of places. Having been educated at Eton and Oxford and called to the Bar at the Inner Temple, the son of the Archbishop of York had got an opportunity of far travel under the authority of the Colonial Office and went out with an expedition to New Guinea, and then to Fiji where, first as Commissioner of the Native Land Courts and later as Acting Head of the Native Department, he had unusual opportunities of studying the Fijian folks. The first volume in which he gave his readers something of the fruits of his experiences was a capital collection of "South Sea Yarns," and then in the same year came "The Diversions of a Prime Minister," wherein he tells, with sympathetic understanding and humour, of the period he spent in Tonga, the last native state in the Pacific, putting straight the affairs of that island kingdom. It is a delicious example of the travel books in which our literature is particularly rich—delicious both for the pictures it gives of unsophisticated life in the island of queerly Christianised Polynesians, and for the rendering of personal experiences of an Englishman in a queer position—"at the age of twenty-nine elder brother to a monarch of over ninety"—among remarkably unconventional and distinctly interesting people.

This was followed by "A Court Intrigue," and then by "The Indiscretions of Lady Asenath"—a wonderful Fijian woman the narrative of whose "indiscretions" affords capital reading, and in the presenting of which in the outward seeming of a novel the author manages to give much of the inner matter of folk-lore and of his own travel observation. Later came "Savage Island"—that Niué which lies, "the loneliest spot in that part of the Pacific," one thousand miles N.N.E. of New Zealand and three hundred miles S.S.E. of Samoa. In 1900 the one-time Prime Minister of Tonga had returned to that island to negotiate a British protectorate over it, and it was then that he visited Savage Island to give the people there a favourable answer to a petition, that had reached England thirteen years before, for the sending of "the powerful flag of Britain to unfurl in this island of Niué."

"King Fataäiki's letter reached its destination, and England, 'the first kingdom of all the kingdoms of the world,' England, the earth-hungry and insatiable (as others see her), took thirteen years to think it over, and then, having received a second letter more precisely worded, reluctantly consented. It is an object-lesson of the way in which we blunder into Empire."

It may be added that it was only when we surrendered any claims to Samoa to the Germans that we took over, and then by way of compensation, the little island that had already sought our protection!

Later works inspired by the ten years or so that the author had spent in the South Pacific were "The Discovery of the Solomon Islands" (written in collaboration with Lord Amherst of Hackney), and "The Fijians: a study of the Decay of Custom," a fascinating book showing the way in which the levelling tendency of modern civilisation is at work in the Pacific Islands—a levelling tendency which, as the author sees it, is going on all over the world, and one which will bring about something of a racial equality with individual inequalities. This volume presents a wonderful assemblage of matters concerning the Fijians and their customs, and is a valuable contribution to the literature concerning primitive peoples, their habits and beliefs.

Such may indeed be said of the whole series of these books concerning the South Pacific Islands and islanders that the author has given us. These books are at once engagingly attractive in style and valuable in their contribution to our knowledge, and are likely long to be read by all who would know of life and customs in far places. It may be hoped that Sir Basil will write some reminiscences of his experiences in New Guinea, which he visited with Sir William McGregor in 1888 when the interior of that tripartite island was largely land unknown; while another book which it would seem that he alone could write would be a full and particular narrative of the life and doings of that remarkable adventurer whose name crops up again and again in the pages of the books that Sir Basil has written—"the Honourable and Reverend Shirley Waldemar Baker."

WALTER JERROLD.

XUM

THE READER.

LORD ROSEBERY AS ESSAYIST.*

By Augustine Birrell.

LORD ROSEBERY, whatever else he may be—and his title to be called a literary critic is, I observe, disputed in some austere quarters—is an Author, for has he not written Books? But what is more, he is one of those lucky authors who, to employ once again Mr. Bagehot's happy phrase, "keeps his own atmosphere." Lord Rosebery always writes like Lord Rosebery; and so it comes to pass that when anyone who has by chance read one of his books or Addresses takes up something new by the same hand, he finds himself at once as much at home as if he were sauntering down a country lane he has frequented for years. Books of this rare kind are always agreeable to a reader with a palate, and happily, despite the Niagara of output, and the multiplication of literary Binns, Bottles and Blends, such a thing as a reading palate still exists; and we love to be able to "taste" a book.

But it must be admitted we live in a serious age, and one which demands to know your "qualifications," ere you venture to write on such matters as books and reading. What are your qualifications to be a critic? The fact that Lord Rosebery would as likely as not disclaim the very name, and most certainly would fail to present himself for examination in order to obtain his diploma, is accounted beside the mark; for the suggestion is that, being by habit, training and temperament an "unqualified" critic, he has no business to allow Mr. Buchan to present him to the world even partially in that character.

It never does to turn your back upon the age you are condemned to live in, and it is wise to snuff the perfumes of the future even though they may wrinkle your nose.

When I was much younger than I am to-day I was, in what I took to be a happy hour, turned loose upon the "Causeries" of M. Sainte-Beuve, and in my enthusiasm I hailed him as a well-nigh perfect critic; but to-day I notice younger and much keener intellects than mine think lightly of this Frenchman, and assign as their most exquisite reasons the very things that made me dote on him. He is, so it is now said, far too full of biography and history, and the *locus in quo*; and there is far too little of the pure, undiluted effluent of criticism.

From a recent book of rare merit called "The Sacred Wood," by Mr. T. S. Eliot, I cull the following two passages, not to dispute them, but by way of record:

"A literary critic should have no emotions except those immediately provoked by a work of art—and these are, when valid, perhaps not to be called emotions at all."

"The progress of an artist is a continual self-sacrifice, a continual extinction of personality!"

As it is very doubtful whether, if Lord Rosebery were to be judged by these standards, he would emerge as a literary critic at all, and being very anxious, as I always am, to avoid controversy, it may be best to say and at once, that in my opinion the author of these Collected Papers should be regarded as a "miscellaneous writer" on men, books and events, who exhibits, whenever the occasion warrants, a genuine and at times a passionate affection for books and reading, and is able by virtue of his kept atmosphere to instil into the minds of his readers something of the interest he feels himself in the subjects he has chosen to illustrate.

In order to create these desirable impressions it is essential for a "miscellaneous writer" about books, and men who have written books, to be strictly honest with his readers and never to feign a sham emotion. If a "miscellaneous writer" does not like "Tristram Shandy," let him say so and stand the direful consequences. Why, Charles Lamb did not like "Gil Blas"! Hazlitt, one of the greatest of our miscellaneous writers, tells us he could not away with Sir Philip Sidney's Sonnets, but could read with pleasure Blair's "Grave"! Am I to quarrel with Elia and Hazlitt on these accounts? Certainly not, though I adore "Gil Blas," abhor Blair and am in love with Sidney's Sonnets. So when Lord Rosebery assures me that he never wishes to read "Rasselas" again, and that all the *Ramblers* and *Idlers* are dead for him, I applaud the sincerity of the avowal, taking it as evidence of strict good faith in other matters, and at once sit down to reread No. 55 of the *Rambler* with a delight that I never before thought was capable of increase.

The truth is, despite Mr. Eliot, we like criticism to be individual and not "standardised," and to carry on its surface evidence both of strict good faith and of the personality of the man from whom it proceeds. Hazlitt, Lamb and Arnold were full of personal prejudices, of exaggerated loves and dislikes, of whims, fancies and mannerisms; but we should be unworthy readers of these distinguished writers if we cannot, whilst reading them, "allow for the wind." Indeed, "allowing for the wind" is half the excitement of reading.

But notwithstanding all this, I have an uneasy feeling that some time, not my "time" but other people's, Mr. Eliot may prove to be right and the stream of criticism will be found flowing a pure white, purged of the discolorations of personality. But in the meantime how beautiful is a "brown" stream, particularly a Scottish stream!

Lord Rosebery appears before his readers in these volumes as a bookish man. "I mean," so he tells us, "by bookishness the general love of books—reading, buying, handling, hunting them."

He was probably born with this love or very early acquired it, and it has stood him in good stead. But though by nature or grace a bookish man, he has not lived the bookish life. Hence perhaps his freedom from

* "Miscellanies: Literary and Historical." By Lord Rosebery. Two vols. 30s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

the tyranny of the schools and, possibly, his too hasty judgments. Like Horace he has led the *vita magistra* and has looked to books to help him along the stony path, and to teach him either to enjoy life or to endure it. This is not the attitude of the professed critic, but it is one which makes an author especially attractive to educated men whose occupations have forbidden the student's life.

But I must not forget that one of Lord Rosebery's tests for bookishness is a love of "handling" the volumes themselves, so I take up the "Miscellanies" and discover that the first volume begins with a sensitive and most feeling address on the greatest of Scottish poets, whose name and fame, though all his masterpieces were written in a provincial dialect, have reverberated throughout the civilised world, and to-day Burns ranks with Horace and with Heine. How better could a good Scotsman begin his "Miscellanies"? A little lower down the list of contents I observed the name of Burke, and when I came to read the "Burns" and the "Burke" I found I had read them before in 1899 in a little book called "Appreciations and Addresses," published by Mr. Lane and edited by my sorely-missed friend, the late Charles Geake. Then I fell to musing upon the strange fates of books, and how this little adventure of my old friend's fell a victim to the House of Lords, which decided judicially (*dissentiente* most emphatically, Lord Robertson) that it (or large portions of it) infringed the copyright of Mr. Walter, the then proprietor of *The Times*. Mr. Walter had employed, at his own charges, stenographers to attend at Dumfries or Bristol, or wherever else Lord Rosebery was announced to deliver an address, and take down his words precisely as they fell from his lips, and then, writing them all over again in longhand, to send them up to Printing House Square, to be reproduced in the columns of the famous newspaper.

Photo by Annan & Sons. **The Earl of Rosebery, K.G.**

As against the Speaker himself it was admitted, in the course of argument, that Mr. Walter had no case, but as against Mr. Lane, who had registered "Appreciations and Addresses" as his own copyright, an injunction was issued, and consequently the little book has gone from the public gaze, rather like that acquaintance of Sidney Smith's, who was seen last at the time of the Assizes.

Nevertheless I cannot help remarking that though Lord Rosebery still observes the same attitude of "benevolent neutrality," no less than seven of Mr. Geake's papers reappear under Mr. Buchan's editorship.

Let it not be for one moment supposed that I am desirous of stirring up past litigation. It would be too late to do so; and besides, I have retired from practice! My wigs, including the "full-bottomed" one which I wore, greatly perspiring, whilst fruitlessly arguing the defendant's case in Walter *v.* Lane, have all disappeared, whither and how I know not.

Still when, suddenly, whilst "handling" these handsome volumes I came across seven of my old friends—clients I had almost called them—beckoning to me, as it were, and claiming old acquaintance, I could not but acknowledge that salute and wish them many visitors in their new and splendid quarters.

Amongst the "Appreciations" contained in the first volume, the one that made the strongest appeal to my inherited sympathies bears the once resplendent name of Dr. Chalmers.

Time was when it could have been truthfully said that whilst Burns represented one half of every true Scot, for the other half few names could have put in a better claim than Thomas Chalmers. This I suppose could hardly be said now, for of late years the author of the once famous "Astronomical Discourses" and the hero of the disruption of 1843 seems to have suffered an eclipse.

I had noticed this with a growing sadness, for my early days were spent in an atmosphere furiously charged with the contagion of this great name. My father had been a pupil at Glasgow University of the eloquent divine, and whenever he heard talk going on around him about Newman, Pusey or the like, he behaved, though he was neither deaf nor took snuff, in the same spirit which Goldsmith reports Sir Joshua to have exhibited when the studious chattered of "their Raphaels, Correggios and stuff."

Consequently, though I felt persuaded Lord Rosebery would prove "sound on Chalmers," it was with just a little perturbation of spirit that I began to read. The first lines made me happy, for they ran as follows:

> "We Scotsmen do well to take every opportunity of revering and burning incense before the memory of Dr. Chalmers, for he was one of the greatest of our race; a commanding character, a superb orator, the most illustrious Scottish Churchman since John Knox. His memory remains green and vivid with us when statesmen, writers and philosophers are, if not forgotten, languishing in the shade. It is a noble and blessed life, how more enviable" (Vol. I, p. 238).

And again:

> "His base was character. Through all the splendours of his speech, through all his activity of administration, through all his powerful and voluminous writings, there flamed the glory of a living soul; a supreme, unquenchable,

fervent soul. For him Christianity was everything; his faith inspired every action of his life, every moment of his day, every word that he uttered, every letter that he wrote. That was the real secret of his power that drew all hearts to him. He wrote enormously, he spoke continually, he revealed his inner self in every possible way, but after his first struggles and victory, every word that remains on record seems instinct with a pervading, undoubting, eager Christian faith. . . . It is not breaking the tenth commandment to covet his spirit " (Vol. I, p. 245).

Of all Mr. Arnold's unseemly jests the unseemliest was his saying of Chalmers that he reminded him of a Scotch Thistle trying to look like the Rose of Sharon. It was ill-said and ill-conceived. Had Mr. Arnold known anything at all about Chalmers he must have recognised how absurd was the suggestion that this great divine was in the least " prickly." A thistle is prickly, and so I dare say are many Scotsmen, but Chalmers was all love, solicitude and tenderness. Carlyle reports how Lord Jeffrey said that the only way he ever discovered that ill-conditioned people had tried to make Chalmers think that he (Jeffrey) was an unbeliever, was by the extra-affection and wistfulness of manner exhibited in Chalmers's demeanour towards him. Lord Rosebery recalls that one of the rare occasions when Sir Walter Scott was touched by praise was when he was told of the admiration of Chalmers.

Lord Rosebery dwells with an admiration some may think excessive on the triumph of Chalmers's oratory, saying:

" We who have seen the great mass meetings, wonderful as they were, addressed by Mr. Gladstone at the height of his fame and popularity, have nothing to record like this. There can be but few parallels to it in history."

The whole Appreciation is aglow with a noble enthusiasm for a truly great and pious man. A younger generation of Scotsmen has now no excuse for letting Thomas Chalmers become the shadow of a shade.

The first volume concludes with a reprint of the famous sketch of Lord Randolph Churchill. I am glad to see it there, for the more people read this exquisite piece of portraiture the better, but so perfect a gem of short biography is best read in an independent volume. Gems are not seen to advantage in a crowded cabinet, but singly. If this be the foppery of bookishness, " and upon me proved," I am content to be a fop.

The work of portraiture demands a delicate touch combined with a rare mixture of good, sound sense, good feeling, genuine affection and a strong though restrained tinge of amusement at the vagaries of human characters. Lord Rosebery possesses this touch, as this sketch of Lord Randolph proves. Carlyle had it, as is exemplified in his " Life of Sterling " and in his inimitable portrait of Lord Jeffrey. Andrew Lang had it to perfection, as his short memoir of his teacher, Professor Sellar, will prove to the satisfaction of most readers. I observe with trepidation that my three examples are all Scotsmen, and so, as I desire at all costs to be impartial, I will run the risk, often a serious risk, of praising a friend in print, by adding the name of Lord Morley.

I have left myself no space to " handle " the second volume, one section of which, containing six papers, is full to overflowing with the very marrow and fatness of Scottish history and character.

I imagine that Lord Rosebery can never be more completely at home than when presiding over or addressing the Scottish History Society, in Edinburgh, for whatever other doubts may beset him he has none about this Society. He bids us believe " that there never were such publications," and goes on to say that he does not believe " anyone can find any serious fault with anything the Society has done or with any publication it has put forward," and winds up triumphantly by inquiring, " Of what other Society can so much be said? " (Vol. II, p. 64).

As it must be supposed that the President of the Scottish History Society has read all its productions, no Southron who reads the six papers just mentioned but will admit that if Lord Rosebery has derived any portion of his inspiration from the labours of his Society it deserves all the praise he has bestowed upon it.

Amongst these " Miscellanies " I find no record of any of their author's " Travels." I cannot but think this a pity. A small book of " Travels " from Lord Rosebery's pen could hardly fail to be delightful. We possess few such books of travel as those I have in mind, and I have long pined for one I could place alongside that adorable account given by the author of " Vathek " of his visit, at the end of the eighteenth century, to two abbeys in Portugal and of his companions on that expedition. Is it too fanciful to suppose that the writer of these " Miscellanies " might have produced, had he tried his hand, something akin to the production of that strange genius, so happily described by Mr. Charles Whibley as the " Caliph of Fonthill "? But to write about the books that have not been written is outside the scope of this paper.

SIR HALL CAINE: FORTY YEARS A NOVELIST.

By John A. Steuart.

WHAT is the secret of popularity in literature? Is it merit, is it chance or just a passing vagary in public taste? The question has long been a crux to critics and a subject of anxious inquiry to authors. George Henry Lewes, a writer of some note in his day, boldly asserted that success is an absolute test of merit. " We may lay it down as a rule," he wrote, " that no work ever succeeded, even for a day, but it deserved that success; no work ever failed but under conditions which made failure inevitable . . . Success, temporary or enduring, is the measure of the relation, temporary or enduring, which exists between a work and the public mind." According to this doctrine the secret appears to lie in the relation of an author to the general body of readers, that is to say, in his sense of the public likes and dislikes and his readiness or ability to supply what at the moment happens to be most in demand. This however must be qualified by the fact that a strong and original writer will impose himself on the public and, within limits, mould and dominate its taste. Browning and Meredith are recent instances in point. In a different way R. L. Stevenson is also an instance.

The truth is that the secret so called is not a secret at all, but a gift. As there is a genius for friendship so there is a genius for popularity. Scott and Dickens, Dumas and Hugo (to mention no more) had it in a supreme degree. They wrote what they would, what their gifts impelled them to write, and the public made haste to buy and read. So it was in the past with those possessing the magic faculty; so it is now; so it must be in the future.

To-day Sir Hall Caine possesses the enviable gift in a larger measure than any other British novelist. If he is not absolutely the most popular novelist in the world he is certainly the most popular in England. The aggregate sales of the English editions of his novels have already reached the enormous figure of five million copies, a total very considerably in excess of that credited to any other writer on this side of the Atlantic. Indeed, since the death of Dickens no other novelist in this country has had anything like his vogue with British readers of fiction. For nearly forty years he has been prominently before the public, and throughout that long period he has increased his popularity with every book he has published — a unique distinction so far as I know. That such a feat implies rare and remarkable qualities is a truth which need not be laboured, since it is self-evident.

Sir Hall Caine.

From the portrait by A. Jonniaux.

What, then, are the gifts which have gone to the making of Hall Caine's immense vogue? I answer briefly: A bold and picturesque imagination, great emotional force, an unfailing sense of the dramatic, a direct and graphic style, and a skill in construction unequalled, as it seems to me, since the death of Wilkie Collins. His novels have great amplitude, great wealth of detail and many characters; but there is no confusion, no congestion. Every character, every incident is fitted into its place with almost mathematical precision. Nothing is allowed to impede the dramatic progress of the story, obscure the motive or divert the attention of the reader. Nor must we forget a sympathy as ardent and penetrating as that of Dickens himself. Sympathy is indeed the golden key with which the novelist unlocks human hearts and reveals them to themselves. Of that key Hall Caine is master. Finally he deals with elemental passions and emotions in language which most men and all women instinctively understand. The truth of these statements may be agreeably verified by reference to the "Collected Edition" of his novels now in course of publication.

With "The Deemster" Hall Caine leaped into the forefront of "best sellers"—a position which, as we have seen, he has retained ever since. It is worth recalling as an item of literary history that its original publisher, a man of wide experience of his trade, assured the author his book would be dead and forgotten within five years of publication. That was thirty-five years ago. To-day one sees "The Deemster" on the bookstalls marked "52nd Edition." So are expert prophecies falsified. The present writer recalls the thrill of exultation with which he first read the story among the Welsh mountains, and there are still moods in which he is tempted to call it Hall Caine's best book. But that may be mere prejudice due to the vividness and permanency of youthful impressions. Certainly it has what Lowell calls "the large stride of the elder race." What was written of it many years ago in a volume which shall be nameless may appropriately be repeated here. "The book belongs to the big, the broad, the strong and impressive order of fiction. It has a spaciousness of air and a reach of imagination rare among recent novels. . . . Effects are rendered with almost unexampled rapidity. The imagination seems all aglow and will not be checked in pouring out its shapes." Here at least critic and public have agreed with some emphasis.

The qualities of picturesqueness, impetuosity and dramatic intensity which distinguish "The Deemster" are conspicuous in "The Bondman" also. The scene of the main action changes from the Isle of Man to Iceland; but the style and method are those of the earlier book. Planned on epic lines and moving with an imaginative sweep which carries the reader along breathless and eager, this story contains some of the most powerful and moving situations which Hall Caine has ever conceived or depicted, notably those concerned with the two half-brothers in the penal settlement. The characters have an antique grandeur and impressiveness which give them a place apart in their creator's work, and indeed in modern fiction; while the events are often such as make the reader shudder in dramatic suspense. These two romances—"The Deemster" and "The Bondman"—mark the culmination of Hall Caine's earlier method and ideals of art.

"The Manxman" marks the transition to the later, and, as multitudes of readers think, the real, the characteristic, Hall Caine. With that book he plunges into the seething turmoil of modern life. The saga method, the saga theme, are abandoned for good, though it must be remarked the author is still at heart a romantic. A romantic in truth he remains, as "The Master of Man" testifies; but the romance is now imbued, at times overlaid, with what, for want of a better name, we call realism. It is not, however, the realism of Fielding or Thackeray, still less is it the realism of

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Zola or Tolstoy; rather is it the realism of him who gave us that marvellous blend of the real and the ideal known to the world as "Les Miserables." Hall Caine has, in fact, many traits in common with Victor Hugo, traits which the curious may easily trace for themselves.

"The Manxman" indicates the passage into a new genre, but the old graphic power is carried over undiminished. The love story of Kate Cregeen, with all its tragic turns and complications, is told with the old force and verve, and a pathos which is new. An eminent reviewer has remarked that it goes very straight to the roots of human passion and emotion. It does. So do its successors; and that, it may be said in passing, is another reason for their great and long-continued popularity. "The Christian," "The Eternal City," "The White Prophet," "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," "The Master of Man," are all, with essential differences of plot and circumstance, dramatic expositions of the same vital theme, done with the same penetrating power, the same uncompromising directness of manner. Some novelists treat passion shamefacedly, as something to be indicated by nods and winks if it cannot be entirely hidden, an unfortunate relic of aboriginal human nature, to be discreetly veiled for the affected squeamishness of modern drawing-rooms. Hall Caine puts it boldly and openly on the stage, so that all may observe its fateful workings, unobscured and undisguised.

For this he has not escaped censure. Certain subjects connected with the deepest instincts of humanity he is told are taboo to the polite artist. Everything that is true must have its place in æsthetics, says Renan, on the other side. The basic idea of "Hamlet," for instance, is horrible; the basic idea of "The Heart of Midlothian" is as sordid as anything in fiction; yet "Hamlet" and "The Heart of Midlothian" are masterpieces of creative imagination. The Greek and Roman classics are often a *mélange* of horror and indecency; yet they live by virtue of their beauty and their truth. The fact of course is that art is justified not by subject but by treatment, a truism which ought to be remembered in judging all novelists who deal frankly with the primordial desires and impulses of human nature.

Hall Caine is Manx, and good judges hold that his best novels are those wholly or mainly confined to the Isle of Man and its people. We know best what we know early, what is associated with childish affection, wonder and veneration; and what we love and venerate the imagination reproduces most truthfully and effectively. Hall Caine's studies of the Manx people are done *con amore*, from the heart out. Like some other novelists he has gone far afield in search of material, but he is happiest at home. He has stated that "The Master of Man" is the last novel we shall have from him. The decision, if final, will be accepted with regret and reluctance. But at any rate this significant fact will be noted, that he ends as he began with the little island whose life, character and traditions his genius has made a world-wide possession.

JOHAN BOJER AT HOME.

By Henrietta Leslie.

IT is no easy matter to visit Johan Bojer, the widely known Norwegian writer, in the mountain home where he seeks every summer the seclusion necessary for his work.

Seclusion! Up and up and up from Vinstra in the Gudbrandsdal climbed the automobile along a mountain road surely never intended for such vehicles *de luxe*, and although the "Bil" as the Norwegians amusingly abbreviate, took the rocky track purringly, it was forced to give in at last and relinquish its passengers to a light little cart drawn by a honey-coloured snub-nosed mountain pony.

At walking pace we jolted and swayed over stretching heaths and through resin perfumed pinewoods. The only signs of life we met were two peasants in blue smocks and a drove of cows and shaggy goats whose bells made music as they raised their heads to gaze at us from among the undergrowth. It is perhaps not an inevitable accompaniment to the pilgrimage that the vehicle should go to pieces in the progress, but on this occasion it did so neatly. With a crash in the treble and a groan in the bass the body of the cart parted from its foundations. At this moment our host appeared providentially at a turn in the path, and the rest of the journey was completed briskly on foot.

The country that Johan Bojer has chosen for his summer home is one of great sweeping pine and birch-grown uplands topped by distant snow-capped peaks. A more inspiring and invigorating environment it would be hard to find.

The little mountain saeter was reached at last. Beautifully it stands above Gaalaa lake where the blue of the vast stretching sky deepens to an even more concentrated blue in its rippled surface. A great stillness rises from the pineclad slopes of the opposite shore; there are no houses for miles, only a rare hut where peasants come to live in summer time that their cattle may find pasturage.

Under the reindeer-antlered entrance, across the porch strewn with fragrant juniper sprigs we entered the sunny house. Wood everywhere, fresh unpainted unstained wood—walls, ceilings, floors, furniture—all of the same creamy pine, and in the corner the "peis," or cosy hooded open hearth of Norway. A friendly place in which one felt at home at once, and its owner saw to it that one should not be otherwise.

"You may like to see these books and pictures of the Lofoten Islands," he said, introducing the topic most interesting to his visitors. "I am hard at work revising my next novel which will deal with the people of those parts. They have hard and tragic lives, fishermen there. I know it well, for till the age of sixteen I was one of them. They go far out to sea, and in the wildest weather in open boats differing not very greatly from those of the old vikings. I think there is living matter there that should be of interest to every one."

"It is a far cry from fishing to literature. Was writing always your ambition?"

Johan Bojer's eyes twinkled.

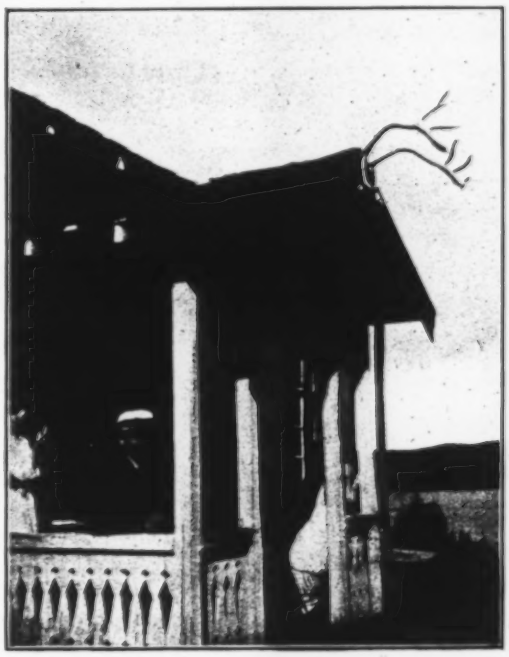
"No—but then I have a pet theory that authors resort to the writing of fiction to take the place of some other but thwarted desire. Mine? I had always longed to be a general under Napoleon, so you see . . ." and he laughed, "for me writing was inevitable. But now for lunch where I shall introduce you not only to my wife and daughter, but also to one of Norway's most famous dishes."

The delicacy in question turned out to be a delicious concoction called "Cream Porridge," a dainty eaten by the peasants at marriages and other special festivals. Made with cream and flour instead of with oatmeal it is served hot in great bowls. Sugar is sprinkled plentifully over it, and a dusting of cinnamon, while as a final touch comes the golden "smor" or butter which has been extracted from the cream used to manufacture the dish.

"I am glad you like it," said Johan Bojer, pouring out for each of his guests a tiny goblet of cool crimson wine prepared from the juice of the cranberries which grow in scarlet profusion on the hills around. "Cream Porridge is an essentially national dish. You will find it nowhere outside of my country." After lunch we sat in the shade of the little balcony. The smoke of Johan Bojer's cigarette curled in a blue spiral up into the golden air. His eyes were fixed dreamily on the lake which, as the afternoon advanced, glowed ever more and more like a jewel. "I love it," he said suddenly, "I love this lake, and these mountains. Though I am working tremendously hard, harder perhaps than I have ever worked before, I feel free, absolutely free."

"And when you are not working?"

"Oh, there is plenty to do. Life up here is something of a primitive business. You see, food is a problem—we have to hunt to live. We go fishing, my daughter and I, in the tarn behind the saeter. Then to amuse ourselves we take long walks over the hills, and we sail upon the lake."



Johan Bojer and his wife and daughter, at Gaalaa Saeter.

Later in the afternoon we wandered up among the pine-woods which cloak the swelling hill-sides. Through the straight strong trunks shimmered the sparkling surface of the tarn, and above the tops gleamed the silvery summits of Peer Gynt's distant country. The place was conducive to friendship, and Johan Bojer talked of his boyhood in the north, his student days in Paris, and of his country.

We left him reluctantly at last, as the sun was setting behind the shoulder of his beloved mountains, turning them into the semblance of a many-tinted amethyst. But more vivid than even the memory of that serene beauty was the impression created by the man himself—cordiality, a deep humanity, activity of mind and body, and the simplicity of human greatness which can rise in such rare instances to the level of understanding.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

BY THOMAS MOULT.

A DAY is to come in the history of the Hammersmith Lyric Theatre when William Henry Davies, poet of our own age, will succeed Mr. Gay, satirist of the eighteenth century. It depends entirely on the favour of the public how soon or late that day may be; and if it is the atmosphere of vagabondage they are so loath to lose the assurance might well be theirs that Mr. Davies' introduction to the theatre is to take the form of an opera concerning beggars who are just as jolly and lovable as the Lyric players have made John Gay's, though showing a few shreds more of virtue, as becomes the twentieth century, to redeem their ragged roguery. It goes without saying that Mr. Davies knows his beggars as well as Gay knew his. And in the period of waiting until his work is staged we can turn back to the "Autobiography of a Super-Tramp" and capture the spirit of it in advance.

It is from the "Autobiography" that Mr. Davies' central incident is taken—an actual episode of his own early vagabondage, presented with all the rich ability of the later period in which he has become famous the world over as a poet. Lyrical poetry, indeed, is to triumph for once in a way on the London stage:

"On what sweet banks were thy pure fancies fed?
What world of smiling light has been thy home?
In what fair land of rainbows wert thou bred?
From what green land of cuckoos art thou come?

"By all that great blue wonder in thine eyes,
Baffled and vexed I stand before thy smile;
Thy thoughts, like angels, guard thee from surprise,
We see them not, yet feel them all the while.

"That smile which, like the sun on every thing,
Now falls on me with no increased delight,
Must either go behind a cloud and bring
Death to my hopes, or give my love more light."

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An opera that contains fifteen to twenty lyrics of such genuine nature as that is from the literary standpoint unique. In the fourteenth year of his career as an author Mr. Davies has taken a step in his development which must surely bring him nearer the recognition to which he is properly entitled.

But the present year is to be regarded as of especial mark in another direction, so far as Mr. Davies is concerned. October has seen his first appearance in the rôle of editor, for, with Mr. Austin Spare as his art colleague, he has taken charge of the newly-resuscitated *Form*, a magazine which gave cause in pre-war years to be remembered impressively and which henceforward will be issued monthly by the Morland Press. *Form* is to be welcomed and bidden good speed for many reasons, but for none so much as that it is pretty certain to entice Mr. Davies into the writing of prose again as well as poetry. Few of us seem to realise yet that in this author of a dozen volumes of poetry we have one who will sooner or later come to be accepted as a link in the long chain of considerable poets who are also masters of prose. The "Autobiography," for example, enshrining both his tramping memories and his best prose writing, possesses qualities which are likely to ensure its permanence among the works of earlier *prosateurs*. The worth of the book from this aspect lies in its genuinely traditional style—that style indeed which is now almost totally vanished from English prose:

W. H. Davies.

Reduced, from an oil painting by Augustus John.

"I wandered alone about the town, and as I went here and there in this enchanted place, ambition again took possession of me, stronger than ever. It filled me with vexation to think that I was no nearer my object, for I was, comparatively speaking, penniless. Two months had I wandered, during which time I had not been able to concentrate my thoughts on any noble theme, taking all day to procure the price of a bed, and two or three coppers extra for food. True, I had by now some £3 saved, the income that I had not touched, but at this rate I would never be able to attain my ends. November was here, and I was suddenly confronted with a long winter before me, and I pictured myself starving and snow-bound in small out-of-the-way village, or mercilessly pelted by hailstones on a wild, shelterless heath. Side by side with these scenes I placed my ideal, which was a small room with a cosy fire, in which I sat surrounded by books."

Truly we have here a confirmation of Shelley's axiom that the distinction between poets and prose writers is a vulgar error. If Mr. Davies, being human, must own to derivations, we may trace them to Defoe and Bunyan, and a little more definitely to the Authorised Version of the Bible; which proves the soundness of his instinct, for above all other books it was these that combined to make the English language beautiful.

But a more obvious model for that most characteristic and earliest of his prose writings was his own budding poetic self. He is always his own unique self—a joyous, lyrical self—no matter how little it has become the fashion among others to be joyous or lyrical. "My heart has many a sweet bird's song," he writes in what has been called the loveliest of his many lovely lyrics, "and one that's all my own." In another, the most triumphant of those now gathered into his "Collected Poems," he bids his soul sing out those songs of joy:

> "Such as a happy bird will sing
> Beneath a Rainbow's lovely arch
> In early spring. . . ."

Or, as at the equally definite close of the invocation:

> "Such as a Brook sings in the wood
> That all night has been strengthened by
> Heaven's purer flood."

It is from these few simple lines that we derive as complete a statement as may be found anywhere of the poet's aim and motive. We are assuming of course that such a writer can have a tangible aim or motive, for no thrush has been more spontaneous, more vocal purely for the song's sake. We think of the thrush's voice indeed when we consider Mr. Davies' voice, far more than we recall the other simple things of existence—the Provençal peasant answering peasant in lovely strain across the olive groves, or the boys and girls of Greece singing in the villages at the spring-time—aye, even more than we think of the instinctive lullaby of our own English mothers croodling to their babes at evening. No less lovely than the thrush's voice, with its clear note of health and gladness in the mornings of sunny June, is his voice; no less a miracle before which we marvel in a manner to which we feel impelled by no other poet of our time.

Yet if the thrush flashes across the green arbours a single perfect jewel of song, Davies gives us fifty, and more than fifty, of finest lustre. He too, as the birds are, is beloved of those men and women who are grown as familiar with his work as with the childhood which, in their own deepening manhood or womanhood, has persisted—they are familiar with their own childhood, perhaps, only because they have read the poems of Mr. Davies. He is accepted as the birds are accepted, and, as they, so is he to be understood and appreciated even by the actual child:

> "I hear leaves drinking Rain;
> I hear rich leaves on top
> Giving the poor beneath
> Drop after drop.
> 'Tis a sweet noise to hear
> These green leaves drinking near."

Photo by Walter Benington. **W. H. Davies.**

From a bust by Epstein.

There are moments as we read the poems of Davies when the man or woman is the child, for which of us, sophisticated though our period inevitably compels us to be, can resist the sheer inexhaustible delight of such pieces as "The Moon," "Leisure," "The Sluggard" and "The Muse" in the collected volume, or "Come, Let us Find a Cottage, Love," "On Hearing Mrs. Woodhouse Play the Harpsichord" and "Lovely Dames" of his more recent work now published, as are the majority of his books, by Jonathan Cape. Which of us has not experienced in ourselves that cry of child-pleasure that gradually floods the heart as we read "how rich and great the times are now," just because the poet has experienced in the one moment a rainbow and a cuckoo's song—wonders that may never come together again; "may never come this side the tomb"?

One might go much further in this elevation of Davies to a high place among the natural singers of our beautiful green earthly life, were it not more vital to attempt to show how a poet was born into and moulded by surroundings which have made his work something different from the mere equivalent (with none of its mighty significance) of a blue tile from ancient Egypt or a vase from old Athens, as so much contemporary poetry, and good poetry withal, is content to be. If we wish to find an artistic equivalent for these lyrics let us rather look for it among the Elizabethans in Mr. Davies' own genre, with their lustiness of life, their earthen humour, their directness of utterance and gift of legitimate surprise. In his autobiography we may discover their inspiration. He has told his story so frankly and so roundly that there is nothing left to speculate upon.

Born in Wales, in a Newport public-house, his erratic youth commenced not simply with the usual truancy from school, but with prison, where he was birched as the leader of a gang of boy-thieves! No sooner was he out of his apprenticeship as a picture-frame maker than he crossed the Atlantic. He had made the acquaintance of a man who inflamed his ambition with an extraordinary exaggeration of the merits of America. At the end of the voyage he fell in with a professional tramp and made his way to Chicago, begging food from the farmsteads (when none but the soft-hearted farm-wives were about) and stealing an occasional ride on the railway. It was because this vagabond way of life gave no opportunity for the enrichment of his mind that he finally relinquished it, though not before he had the misfortune to lose a foot and, through it, the leg to the knee, while attempting to board a Canadian rail-truck when the train was in motion. He returned to England and learned that he had inherited a legacy of eight shillings a week, resolving as a consequence that he would devote himself to literature. "I was determined," he writes, "that as my body had failed, my brains should now have the chance they had longed for, when the spirit had been bullied into submission by the body's activity."

The tramp's life, as he himself has stated, was not for him. He often had to go for days without reading matter, and knew not what the world was saying or doing. The beauty of nature was for ever before his eyes, but he was certainly not enriching his mind, for "who can contemplate Nature with any profit in the presence of others?" He had no leisure to make notes in hope of future use, and he was so overpacking his memory with scenes that when their time came for use they would not take definite shape. He resolved therefore that he must go to work for some months so that he might live sparingly on his savings in some large city where he could cultivate his mind.

His home on reaching London was the cheap lodging-houses on the south of the Thames, where a bed might

W. H. Davies.

From a portrait by Harold Knight.

be had for fourpence, and he spent the day in the free libraries, reading, and writing a tragedy in blank verse which he was dismayed to find rejected by one publisher after another. Sometimes he would go on tramp, and the money accumulated by begging enabled him to meet the expense of printing his first volume of verses. It was a long while, however, before his efforts to gain attention for them met with any success. Mr. Bernard Shaw tells of these efforts in the preface to "The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp":

"In the year 1905 I received by post a volume of poems by one William H. Davies, whose address was The Farm House, Kennington, S.E. I was surprised to learn that there was still a farm-house left in Kennington; for I did not then suspect that the Farmhouse, like the Shepherdess Walks and Nightingale Lanes and Whetstone Parks of Bethnal Green and Holborn, is so called nowadays with irony, and is, in fact, a dosshouse, or hostelry where single men can have a night's lodging for, at most, sixpence."

The book was marked "price, half-a-crown." An accompanying letter asked very civilly that if Mr. Shaw required a book of verses would he please send the author the half-crown; if not, would he return the book.

"Instead of throwing the book away as I have thrown so many, I wrote him a letter telling him that he could not live by poetry. Also I bought some spare copies and told him to send them to such critics and fanciers as he knew of, wondering whether they would recognise a poet when they met one."

W. H. Davies.
From a drawing by W. Rothenstein.

And, as Mr. Shaw adds, they actually did.

It is futile to label a writer as a "tramp-poet," any more than we might call him a "bill-poster poet" or a "bank-clerk poet." But it would not be very difficult to say how many or how few of those poems that have come since Mr. Davies' South London days were brought into being as a consequence of that early hardship, that life of the road, that contact with raw earth. Certainly there are lines which betray those influences in practically every poem he has written. And even if we had not such passages as:

"The Sea trying
With savage joy, and efforts wild,
To smash his rocks with a dead child,"

or that containing his invocation to the moon, about the birds

"that sing this night
With thy white beams across their throats";

or

"I think of that Armada whose puffed sails
Greedy and large, came swallowing every cloud";

or a hundred others equally expressive of a rare personality that once lived irresponsibly and lavishly among the modern freebooters in two continents, William H. Davies would still be, and would still reveal himself in some unique way as of the direct line of sons of God who, while the morning stars shouted together, sang for joy.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

NOVEMBER—DECEMBER, 1921.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—We offer a PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best two-hundred words criticism of and additions to a symposium in THE BOOKMAN Christmas Number on What Poets—especially living Poets—and which one or two of their Poems should be included in a future edition of the Golden Treasury of English Poetry.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to G. Laurence Groom, of 1, St. Mark's House, Regent's Park, N.W.1, for the following:

A SINGER AT DUSK.

Lo, I have been beyond the stars and through the singing silences,
Beyond the finite gate that bars the soul from hidden fantasies,
Lo, I have ploughed the fields of flame and seen each furrow surely sown,
For others' reaping, since you came from harvests that I have not known.

Lo, I have robbed the brows of night to weave you veils of loveliness,
Brought you to fountains of delight beguiled of life's loneliness,
Sung when the music mocked my lips, laughed with the laughter close on tears,
Because you asked of me heart's ease from all the wisdom of your years.

Now would I tread once more the stars, but have forgot the olden way . . .
Your hands have set the bolts and bars, your eyes have shuttered out the day,
Where neither moon nor sun may shine, through the grey fields of dusk I pass,
A soul that was for you divine . . . less than a shadow on the grass.

We also select for printing:

SONG.

There is no spell to bind the wild winds' blowing;
No charm to soothe tempestuous seas to sleep;
No power to stay the passionate tears from flowing
When Love lies down to weep.

There is no comfort for that bitter crying;
No opiate lulls that ceaseless pain to rest,
Or ever shall till Love and I be lying
Deep in earth's dreamless breast.

(Margaret K. McEvoy, 3, Claremont Road, Cricklewood, N.W.2.)

I NEVER KNEW!

I never knew love was so sweet,
I never guessed such joys could be;
Blindfold I groped, content that he
Should guide my unaccustomed feet
Along the path he trod so free.

And now I count the dragging hours
Till dusk again my lover brings.
I cannot think of common things:
But sunshine through my bosom pours,
And in my heart a throstle sings.

(J. E. Simpson, 34, Woodsorrel Road, Birkenhead.)

THE SECRET FLOWERS.

The sea unerring silence keeps
Hushed in its secret place;
No whisper comes through windless deeps
Of forests none may trace.

The tapers of the seasons burn
But faintly in those woods;
Only strange ocean flowers return
To light the solitudes.

Dimly as they the heart renews
Its solitary fires—
Puts forth, in gloaming avenues,
The unuttered, deep desires.

Mysterious heart and fathomless—
Thy needs are never told!
In an eternal loneliness
The secret flowers unfold.

(Cyril G. Taylor, 35, Castle Street, Edinburgh.)

AUTUMNAL.

The sun is waning westward,
The year is growing old,
And Weedon Woods are red now
With rich October gold.
Above the withered blackthorn
A robin stays to sing
Of bygone days of rapture
And dear remembered Spring.

The song that thrills the woodland
Is bitter-sweet to me
For we would both recapture
The things that cannot be:
The robin mourns a lost love
And Youth and Spring in vain,
And I—the child I sought for
Who will not come again.

(H. I. Strand, Knoyle, Seaton, Devon.)

W. H. Davies.

By Walter Sickert.

But for its feeble sixteenth line (the "stolen food" there is very bad) and one or two later flaws of phrase, we should have awarded the prize to Margery Hunter Woods (London, W.C.) for "Love and Sin," and have not printed it because we hope she will revise and send it in again. We specially commend her lyric, and those by Margaret Brown (Harrow), Freda Isobel Noble (Walthamstow), N. Langton (Muswell Hill), Winifred Mudie (Darlington), Eileen Carfrae (Brixton), Rev. Frederic Warner (Auckland), H. Elrington (Hook), Agnes Dewar Scott (Woolwich), S. S. Halliwell (High Lane), M. J. Lewis James (Barry), Fey Flaxman (Leytonstone), Muriel E. Graham (Stirling), Dorothea Humphreys (Manchester), Una Malleson (West Kensington), Margaret K. McEvoy (Cricklewood), C. A. Macartney (Austria), Charles Rogers (Sunderland), Doris Amy Ibbotson (Newport, I.O.W.), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), Frederic Warner (Auckland, N.Z.), G. C. Comfort (New Barnet), C. H. Cuddy (Birkdale), Edna I. V. Norman (Windlesham), "Cecil Thomas" (Quetta, India), Helen de Veer (Alsace), Ila Hearn (Croydon), Molly Fogerty (Poole), R. Purchas (Victoria, Australia), Margery Constance Nudd (Yiewsley), James Paton (Natal, South Africa), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Pearl Luscher (Rochester, N.Y.), L. D. Cosgrove (Acton), May Bowers (Monmouth), Kathleen Douglas (Ipswich), May W. Harrison (Lincoln), S. H. Jellicoe (London, S.W.), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate Hill), Thomas J. Hardy (London, N.W.), John Peterson (Shetland), Norman Treliving (Leeds), E. A. S. (London, E.), Blanche Adeline Watson (Hull), Kathleen Ida Noble (London, E.), L. M. Priest (Norwich), Kathleen Chevis (Walford), C. M. Hodder (Nailsworth), G. Gordon Salmon (Canterbury), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), Ethel M. Mannin (Merton Park), C. M. Willmott (Enfield), M. L. H. (Balham), Dorothy L. Warne (Buxton), Lena M. Dyer (Northwood), E. M. Smith (Oakhampton), Violet Dismore (Southend-on-Sea).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to G. S. Purnell, of Holland House, Grafton Street, Sandown, Isle of Wight, for the following:

WHILE I REMEMBER. By STEPHEN MCKENNA.
(Thornton Butterworth.)
"Lest we forget."
R. KIPLING'S *Recessional.*

We also select for printing:

THE SECRET POWER. By MARIE CORELLI.
(Methuen.)
"What porridge had John Keats?"
BROWNING, *Popularity.*
(N. M. Butterfield, 163, Coventry Road, Ilford.)

IF WINTER COMES. By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)
"Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket."
Old Song.
(Christine M. Pocock, Clevedon House, Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset.)

COURAGE. By KATHLYN RHODES.
(Hutchinson.)
"The boy stood on the burning deck."
MRS. HEMANS.
(R. Moody, Salem House, Uffculme, Devon.)

DIVORCE. By C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY.
(Leonard Parsons.)
"Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part."
M. DRAYTON, *Love's Farewell.*
(Dorothy Barton-Eckett, 50, South Street, Dorchester, Dorset.)

GIVE ME THE YOUNG. By EDMOND HOLMES.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)
"Steal a little kiddy from its dad."
W. S. GILBERT, *Gentle Alice Brown.*
(Mrs. M. M. Snow, Northdown Hill School, Cliftonville, Margate.)

AN EGOIST. (Page 36, October BOOKMAN.)
"He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum,
And said 'What a good boy am I!'"
Nursery Rhyme.
(Violet Dismore, 80, Whitegate Road, Southend-on-Sea.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the most elegant and adequate reference in English literature to the human nose is awarded to E. M. Webster, of The Hermitage House, Burlington Street, Bath, for the following:

. . . "And the finely-cut outline of her straight nose produced an impression of splendid beauty, in spite of commonplace brown eyes . . ."—GEORGE ELIOT.
Scenes of Clerical Life: *Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story.*

Some thirty competitors have sent us Tennyson's "Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower," and nearly as many have sent his "Least little delicate aquiline curve . . ." We specially commend all these, and M. C. Stanley (Sale), Priscilla Medway (Bristol), Caroline Coxham (New Malden), Olive Edwards (Birmingham), H. Legge (Alresford), G. McMullen (Hampstead), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), Raymond Bruton (Southampton), Miss M. A. Lotz (Wimbledon Common), Isobel Simpson (Dundee), Jessie Oliver (Grimsby), Gwendolen Leijonhufvud (Bournemouth), Sidney S. Wright (Bromley, Kent), Priscilla Medway (Bristol), L. N. Thomas (Littlehampton), Edward Wallis (London, W.), James E. Soresby (Cambridge), Ann F. Henderson (Chester), J. B. Harrison (Bath), William G. Booth (Edinburgh), Samuel Thomas (Hastings), D. W. Evans (Hornsey), John K. Matthews (Bedford), Sybil A. Dodsley (Goole).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to B. Noël Saxelby, of 43, Claude Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester, for the following:

QUEEN VICTORIA. By LYTTON STRACHEY.
(Chatto & Windus.)

From the vast mass of his researches Mr. Strachey has unerringly skimmed the essential cream. Though his brilliant, irreverent pen has pricked the rather overblown halo surrounding the name of Victoria the Queen, it has drawn, in few but masterly lines, a living portrait of Victoria the woman, with her vehement prejudices and equally vehement affections, her obstinate will yet susceptibility to flattery, above all, her passionate adoration of her husband and its effect on her home and public life. With equal sureness, and as brilliant brevity, the characters of many "eminent Victorians" are sketched in these scintillating pages.

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We also select for printing:

WHERE THE PAVEMENT ENDS. By JOHN RUSSELL. (Thornton Butterworth.)

These twelve tales of the Southern Seas and the East are handled with a power and literary art that reveal a new master of the short story. They tell of strange adventures and queer human dramas enacted under tropic skies in remote corners of the world, beyond the pale of civilisation. Plot, character, narrative, are woven into each tale with a virile, clean-cut style, giving it a distinctive vitality and finesse. "The Fourth Man," a vivid, terrible story of four men adrift on a raft, dominates the book, and will rank among the finest short stories of our time.

(Alan C. Fraser, 10, Cumberland Park, Acton, W.)

MARTIN CONISBY'S VENGEANCE.

By JEFFERY FARNOL. (Sampson Low.)

In this stirring tale of the Spanish Main and "old, unhappy, far-off things," Mr. Farnol has given us a sequel worthy of its forerunner. Against a background of battle, murder and sudden death flashes a tropical-natured love-pirate, Joanna, who is regrettably removed when we are in danger of forgetting the milder heroine, even as that very gallant gentleman, Sir Richard Brandon, who completely dwarfs the dour but convincing hero. This last of Mr. Farnol's may not be his best, but is undoubtedly a romance "to drive the night away," and taken as such, will doubtless serve its purpose.

(G. Gordon Salmon, Cleadon, Canterbury.)

THE THIRTEEN TRAVELLERS. By HUGH WALPOLE. (Hutchinson.)

"After the war" is Mr. Walpole's key-note. He impresses us by his amazing understanding of the complex natures with which he deals. A shrewd observer, he mingles pity with not a little contempt. Probably Absalom Jay is the most pathetic of the "travellers." Here we have a wonderful insight into the mind of an old man whose social world disappeared with the war; but who is optimist enough to hope for the return of the old routine with Peace. There is no great technique in the book, such as plot, climax. But the characterisation is great.

(Stanley Stokes, 33, Park Road, Heavitree, Exeter.)

Miss Bertha Pearl,

whose new novel, "Sarah and her Daughter," Mr. Leonard Parsons is publishing.

Miss Edna Ferber,

(author of the famous "Emma McChesney" stories), whose new book, "The Girls," Messrs. Heinemann are publishing this autumn.

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE.

By LORD FREDERIC HAMILTON.

(Hodder & Stoughton.)

These reminiscences are not the type that after a few months of publication will be obtainable at a second hand bookshop. This is the third volume of some of the most entertaining reminiscences published within recent years. The most delightful ingredients are "Colonel Barnard's Story," "The Flesh Coloured Stockings" and an exceedingly neat reply by the Bishop of Peterborough. Indeed we are grateful to Lord Frederic for giving us "a dish so extremely well-flavoured."

(Berhie van Mal, 33, Belsize Square, Swiss Cottage, N.W.3.)

We select for special commendation the reviews by Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Sidney S. Wright (Bromley), L. Fraser (Southsea), J. W. Webster (Ipswich), Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), Reginald Arthur Smith (Burton-on-Trent), Winifred M. Davies (Derby), Roy D. S. Murray (Buenos Ayres), F. T. Weston (Great Yarmouth), Ernest F. Row (Felixstowe), Clarke Howard (Wallasey), N. M. Butterfield (Ilford), Lilian M. Bridges (Salisbury), Mabel Etchells (Wallasey), A. R. MacPhail (London, S.E.), C. M. Hodder (Nailsworth), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), T. Taylor (Ware), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Ethel Webster (Bristol), Mrs. Wm. Earle Mickey (Washington, U.S.A.), Rev. G. Swaine (Halifax), D. M. Kerr (Micheldean), Mrs. Grace G. Webb (Southam), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), F. Darlington (Leigh), Frederick Willmer (Ramsey), Wilfred Leicester (Wellington, New Zealand), Doris M. Pillitz (Hampstead), E. MacBean (Bristol), Kathleen Rice (Harpenden), James A. Richards (Tenby), Septimus Manton (Birmingham), J. H. Heath (York), Edward M. Grant (Rugby), W. Arthur Pippit (Leeds), B. J. W. Warren (Grimsby), Alan F. Smith (Glasgow).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to G. Gordon Salmon, of Cleadon, Canterbury.

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New Books.

GEORGE CALDERON AND THE TAHITIANS.*

"The world was a great and beautiful museum once, full of beautiful things, all of different kinds. Then Europeans, growing hungry for new foods, new places to live in, new places to sell goods in, new folk to teach their religion to, went round with sticks and broke all the precious things on the shelves of the world." That was bad, wicked, mischievous enough, but there was worse. Take Tahiti, with which the late George Calderon is immediately concerned in this fascinating volume. Into this Island of Love, this Garden of the Pacific, this Gem of the Ocean, European and American civilisation (save the mark) has introduced "mice, mosquitoes" (a bottle of these was landed by a mariner out of sheer spite), "fleas, bicycles, concertinas, cotton frocks, corrugated iron, Christianity, Mormonism, Munyon's remedies, mouth-organs, tuberculosis, syphilis and other amenities, which have flourished exceedingly in that virgin soil."

That is a terrible indictment—"if ye have done it unto the least of these My children ye have done it unto ME"—the more terrible that from the remnant which even now remains in the hinterland, left over from the depredations of the western invaders, left over because not yet worth destroying, we learn how sweet-dispositioned were these islanders, how wholesome, how beautiful their lives in this well-tempered climate. Indeed, this book persuades me that there is more to learn that is really worth while from Mana, Tahiri, Amaru and their gentle fellows than ever we Westerners can hope to teach to them. In their sweet company there might still be hope of washing oneself free of the world's slow stain, of learning to laugh again, of becoming again a little child. There is a voracious grey shark that infests the Pacific which is said to "love" little children. That is the sort of love (!) we, to our everlasting shame, have shown to these little children of nature.

Take one of the best days that the late George Calderon ever knew, a day before which the scholar's triumph of reading his paper on "Slavonic Elements in Greek Religion" before the International Congress of the History of Religions at Leyden paled into insignificance:

> "We spent it," he writes, "eating oranges and playing hide-and-seek. Eating oranges was a very slow process, because at the end of every mouthful you had to hold out your clenched hand and say, 'How many pips have I here?' while the others guessed, and whether they guessed right or wrong there was a shout of laughter."

That was a day indeed. He had caught again the spirit of pure laughter with all it connotes in this world, and what better than that? Indeed, laughter and gaiety is the key-note of this delightful people. They laughed when suddenly the almost tideless Pacific that washes their shores took it into its head to rise of a sudden, stirred by a submarine volcano, tumbled house after house to pieces, swallowed great mouthfuls of the main road, flowed up the river beds and lifted bridges from their foundations. "It was one of the gayest nights which Papa-ete had ever known—a night of splashing and laughing and making merry."

Again, take so simple a thing as a woodstack. No Tahitian outside the towns has a woodstack; as far as he is concerned the thing has not been invented.

> "Life would lose its savour for Amaru if he had a wood pile. It is a real pleasure for him to find the wood for the fire each time; he grins good-humouredly as he returns trailing a long, crooked dead branch after him; the children look pleased; his wife comes out and grins at the door, and I grin too. All look pleased. They have a collector's pleasure. There is no pleasure in getting a log off a wood-pile."

Indeed, so heartbreaking is it to compare the simple lives of the few remaining unspoiled aborigines with the filthy town life of the invaders that, were it not that Gaugain with his brush and Pierre Loti with his pen have in modern times done most of the mischief, I could almost wish that this charming book had not been written, tempting as it surely will others to follow George Calderon's example and intrude on their privacy. Were they all George Calderons it would not so much matter. Were they indeed all like the Frenchman who, adopting their simple life, now regards himself as the most fortunate of men, who once in Paris had much money, many wants and was always poor, but now has very little money, few necessities and is always rich. Unfortunately the average globe-trotter is not like that. He is out to seek, not to learn.

It is no little tribute to the charm of this book and of the people with whom it deals that one reviewer at least has read it twice through before he has put pen to paper, and then, oblivious of his obligations, has hied him to a friendly anthropologist with a Scheme. Is there not, he asks, at least one millionaire with imagination who would be willing to make a sanctuary for the few true Tahitians that remain, who could be fired to create a Yosemite for unspoiled human beings? That, I admit, is going outside a reviewer's province, but it emphasises the book's stimulating vitality. It is a book that should be widely read both for its intrinsic beauty and its sane common sense.

It stands well by itself, but, coming into the reviewer's hands companioned by Mr. Percy Lubbock's well-meant but jejune sketch of the gifted author, it finds a foil which throws its excellences into powerful relief.

The whole writing of the book is strong, delicate and subtle. An occasional arresting and unexpected phrase—"the mirror-backed toilet table with dainty curtains parted like Liane de Pougy's hair"—startles one by its clever incongruity—the Western mind imposed on the far Eastern with a vengeance.

True, this book is not so good as its gifted writer would have made it had he lived. He might for instance have learned that Easter Island script reads zigzag, first from right to left and then upside down from left to right. He would also assuredly have corrected the statement that the Marquesans and Tahitians speak sister dialects of the same Maori language. Surely Polynesian is the main stock of all three. But these are minor blemishes in a remarkable volume.

Let me leave a taste of the book itself in your mouth. It is of the little prostitute, Tupema, a victim of civilisation, but still in spite of all simple-hearted, unworldly and unpractical.

> "I told her," writes Calderon, "what a charming person I thought her. 'Mais . . . il y a une belle fille en Angleterre, à laquelle j'ai promis de faire le tour du monde sans embrasser personne.'
>
> "'Ah, c'est beau ça,' said Tupema; 'je le ferait un chapeau pour ça!'"

Which indeed she did, and a very handsome one it was.

G. S. LAYARD.

* "Tahiti." By Tahoti (George Calderon). 25s. net. (Grant Richards.)—"George Calderon: A Sketch from Memory." By Percy Lubbock. 14s. net. (Grant Richards.)

THE KNIGHT ERRANT.*

"The Wanderings of a Spiritualist"—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has given his book its challenging title for an evident purpose. But his latest rôle as the missionary of a "New Revelation" is far from disguising the Conan Doyle of earlier days, so that the admonition in the first few lines

* "The Wanderings of a Spiritualist." By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

of the book, addressed to the reader who has no interest in psychical matters, is hardly necessary. Certainly anyone who puts the volume down at that point, in order to avoid a subject against which he may have quite understandable prejudices, will miss much in the way of witty and picturesque descriptions of men and things, a really fine account of a voyage to the Antipodes, and a sheaf of anecdotes, reminiscences, views and opinions, some of them highly interesting and valuable. That these matters of general interest should be interspersed with accounts of supernormal happenings of all kinds may be a new departure in books of travel. But they are all told in graphic phrases, and with various little touches of that acute observation which was the especial note of the Sherlock Holmes stories. These accounts are for the reader to take or leave as he chooses. They at least reveal the author as intensely human—a philanthropist after the pattern of Terence to whom nothing that was human was without its appeal. Sir Arthur may be considered to err in his psychic views, but we have the French philosopher to assure us that "Error has its merits"—especially perhaps when it has its source in the affections. The large heart is always preferable to the long head, where it is a choice between one and the other, which is not the case here. Both are in evidence. With that reflection we may dismiss this part of the book.

Sir Arthur gives many shrewd opinions on the social and political life of the countries he visited. Here is a note on the fallacy of State control:

"The longer one remains in Australia the more one is struck by the failure of State control. Whenever you test it, in the telephones, the telegraphs and the post, it stands for inefficiency, with no possibility that I can see of remedy. The train service is better, but still far from good. . . . On the face of it, it is evident that in each case there is no direct responsible master, and that there is no real means of enforcing discipline. I have talked to the heads of large institutions who have assured me that the conduct of business is becoming almost impossible."

And he goes on to give some cogent instances of the way in which commercial business is handicapped by State officialism. We are still sore from some of the effects of it in England.

On the personal side, the author tells a story against himself. While dressing one morning in an Australian hotel, he heard a melancholy and monotonous whistling proceeding from an adjoining bedroom. Thinking it was his eldest son, Denis, Sir Arthur put his head outside the door and called out, "Look here, old chap, consider other people's nerves, and give up that rotten habit of whistling before breakfast." A deep voice answered, "All right, Sir Arthur, I will." It was the Minister of War, General Sir Granville Ryrie!

He finds the Australians generally good fellows, kindly, domestic, straight in speech and dealings. But he deplores the heavy drinking and the "eternal horse-racing."

His observations on New Zealand and the Maoris are of distinct interest, so likewise are the notes on Ceylon, an "earthly Paradise," which M. Clemenceau happened to be exploring very thoroughly when Sir Arthur and his party were there.

The closing chapters give us some vignettes of France after the war, for the "pilgrims" landed at Marseilles on the return voyage and went on to Paris where, by the way, the quest of the supernormal took a highly scientific turn. The illustrations, of which there are a baker's dozen, lend considerably to the interest of a book, about which, whatever else may be said of it, there is one verdict to which no one is likely to raise objection. It gives a clearer and truer picture of Conan Doyle as a man than any of the books which have preceded it.

D. Gow.

THE CONTENT OF ART.*

What is illustration? In the broadest sense every intelligible picture is an illustration, whether it be a fresco by Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel or a drawing in this week's *Punch*. Even in a narrower sense, now that reproduction is possible of any graphic medium, from full-bodied oil colour to the most delicate pencil drawing, every picture is a potential book-illustration.

Mr. Edmund J. Sullivan, who is not only one of the most accomplished of living illustrators, but a scholar and a thinker as well, has promptly fastened on this truth, and has taken all picture-making from Botticelli to Beardsley as the real subject of his book. His scholarly survey of the work of illustrators from Holbein and Dürer to Abbey and Nicholson, his illuminating discussion of the limitations and possibilities of black-and-white, of the suggestions for pen-drawing to be found in copperplate engraving, and of various other matters of great technical interest to students—all these are a means to an end. That end is to ascertain what is the Content proper to pictorial art.

Right at the beginning Mr. Sullivan propounds a sort of conundrum, When is a picture not an illustration? And the reply would appear to be, Never, if it is intelligible:

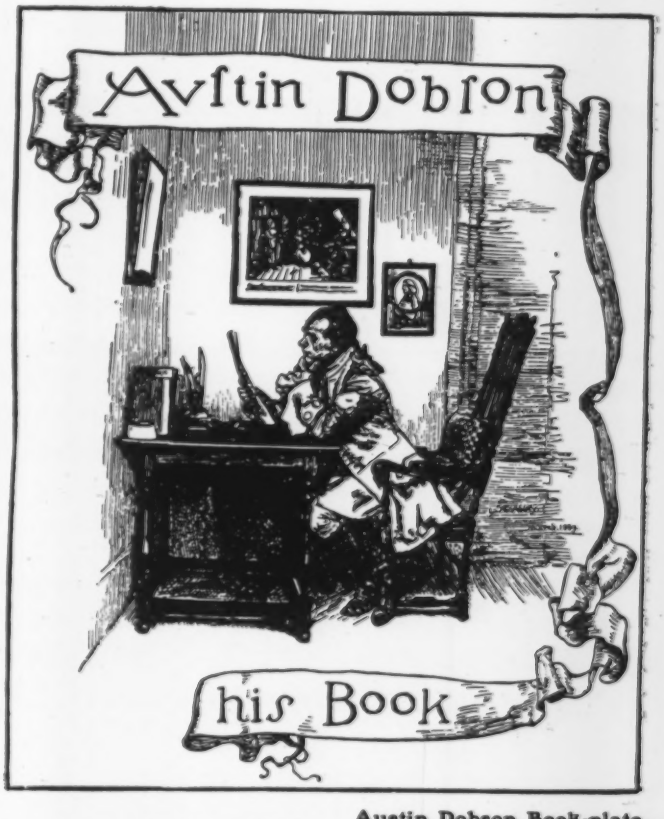
"Among the greatest artists of all time have been many who have been but ill-content with the realisation of Beauty alone, but have charged their art with a burden of fact, story, symbol or idea, the carrying of which in many cases has been the first motive impelling them to expression in graphic or plastic form."

How can this be reconciled with Whistler's emphatic declaration:

"Art should be independent of all claptrap—should stand alone, and appeal to the artistic sense of eye or ear, without confounding this with emotions entirely foreign to it, as devotion, pity, love, patriotism and the like."

It looks like a blind-alley. If Whistler is right, then it would appear that Michael Angelo, Dürer, Blake, and a host of other great artists are wrong. No artist would

* "The Art of Illustration." By Edmund J. Sullivan. 25s. (Chapman & Hall.)



Austin Dobson Book-plate.
From "The Art of Illustration" (Chapman & Hall.)

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admit this, yet few would care to say that Whistler was entirely wrong. Mr. Sullivan gets out of the difficulty very cleverly by saying they are all right; only he draws a subtle distinction. Whistler was right "for the time being": the others are right "for all time."

Fortunately Whistler's practice was better than his theory. Of his masterpiece, the "Portrait of Carlyle," Mr. Sullivan pertinently inquires, "What else is this but Illustration in one of its simplest manifestations?" Loyalty to an old love has made the author very gentle with Whistler. To say that he was right for the time being, hardly means more than that Whistler was right in protesting against "claptrap" being made an excuse for feeble craftsmanship, and that in his day there was need to emphasise the decorative as distinct from the illustrative element in pictures.

Here we approach as near as we are likely to get to an answer to Mr. Sullivan's conundrum. It is just possible that a picture may remain a picture, and yet not be an illustration, when it is a decoration.

"Art," Mr. Sullivan tells us, "consists of three factors in varying proportion—Intelligence, Emotion, Craftsmanship." Illustration, at a pinch, can drive its message home with remarkably little of the last. Decoration can make a show with remarkably little of the first. Decoration does not need to be charged with a burden of fact, story or idea. There is a disposition to regard it as all the better when it is free of them. Mr. Sullivan is bold enough to say that Michael Angelo's frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, *as decorations*, are "nothing but a stupendous misconception."

"Whistler with a choice of two or three simple tones, and the disposal of a restful pattern, would have produced an effect infinitely more pleasant to the æsthetic sense *if that alone is to be considered*."

The italics are the reviewer's, and here is the point. Now we see where and to what extent Whistler was right. He is right in so far as we ask nothing more from art than a certain kind of beauty that satisfies our æsthetic sense. We may be content with this much in a carpet or a porcelain jar, but in a picture we ask for more; and that "more" is—Illustration. This battle between Decoration and Illustration has been going on for centuries; it is at the bottom of all controversies as to the relative importance in art of subject and treatment, that is to say of the thing expressed and the manner of expression. Neither can be ignored, neither of itself will lead to salvation.

"Rhythm pursued for its own sake will lead to excess and weakness. . . . 'Content' on the other hand may land its pursuer into a formless ejaculatory catalogue without coherence. . . . The two must be brought into harmonious relation to evolve a work of art—until one can hardly be said to exist without the other, as though they had been worked up together into an indissoluble paste."

The truth has been uttered before, but Mr. Sullivan has rephrased it admirably. Are our artists any wiser to-day? They do not appear so:

"The present tendency is to endeavour to enlarge the scope or at least change the method of expression, rather to the neglect of what may be expressed—to create a new and unfamiliar language in order to make a restatement of old and familiar facts. Yet why invent a new language to tell us that a body is solid, if it is a fact we already knew? It only adds a new voice to Babel, and gets no nearer the truth."

Mr. Sullivan's argument is unanswerable. There is no sense and no merit in inventing a new language unless thereby it becomes possible to express that which by no other means can be expressed. Invention unmothered by necessity is a bastard form of art. The art-student may be grateful to Mr. Sullivan for a book that will materially assist him in appreciating and overcoming the difficulties of his profession: the layman will be still more grateful for a book which reverently unbares the high mysteries of art. For indeed, as our author says, "Art is a sacrament," and the pity of it is that there are so few artists whose "outward and visible signs" are, like his own, illumined by an "inward and spiritual grace."

FRANK RUTTER.

THE CRAFT OF THE SHORT STORY.*

I used to wonder how the people who profess to teach the writing of short stories managed to bring off the miracle. I have never, either in person or in print, met a practitioner of the craft who could offer anything helpful on the point. Each has the incommunicable instinct for the art, and if each has a technical routine, it is so in variance with other routines that the hope of getting a reliable system for the mechanical creation of a story seems hopeless. One author drafts a model as tight and as solid as an architect's blue print before he starts writing. Another cannot move until he has his climax, and can build up to it—I imagine O. Henry and Ambrose Bierce were of this school. Yet another scorns draft and climax and works entirely to character with but the faintest notion of what is going to happen in the last thousand or so words—Barry Pain, a perfect stylist in the short story, has, I fancy, confessed to this method.

It was only while reading "Lester Grayling, K.C." by Mr. Leslie J. Lynwood that I realised that the teachers of the short story might after all fill a useful office. They can, at least, teach a man how *not* to write one. Mr. Lynwood, I believe, knows a great deal about the law. He is probably correct in feeling that he has a mass of special material that would do splendidly as the basis of stories pivoting round his barrister Sherlock Holmes. But that has not made him the writer of good short stories. I can see the teacher reading a severe lesson over the first yarn, which deals with a series of bank frauds. He would say that the duty of a short story is to be swift, compact, direct, but that this story is pedestrian with long speeches, clogged with fat descriptions and passages of moralising that have not the slightest bearing on the narrative, that there is no direction in it at all, that the plot does not come out clearly, that there are no explanations or connecting links. It is also full of passages like "'I am ashamed to trouble you,' said Sir Henry. 'Thanks,' said Grayling as he raised his hand deprecatingly." The man who reads short stories does not wish to be hung up by trivialities like this. All that sort of thing must be cut out. All descriptions unless they colour or affect the very thrill of the story must be cut out. And when Mr. Lynwood had cut all that, he might cut an additional hundred or two hundred words out of every thousand. That, by the way, is part of the technique of one story writer. He rigorously prunes his stories in this manner when he has finished. A crude method, apparently, but the effect in lean power is remarkable. Mr. Lynwood would profit by the idea.

Miss Mary Cholmondeley and Miss Marjorie Bowen, both in their different ways understand their job. Miss Cholmondeley is leisurely, graceful, ironic and glowing with beauty, Miss Bowen more sharply and violently dramatic, more highly tinted and broader and more popular in her effects. But each writes a good, clean short story, wasting nothing on side issues, letting the stream of the story carry the reader along. Each knows that the whole duty of a short story writer is not to be clever, but to "get" the reader. Just as the crisp after-dinner speaker is our friend, and the prosy one an unutterable bore, so the vague woolly writer is a failure.

Miss Cholmondeley, in "The Romance of His Life," deals with emotions rather than actions, but she makes those emotions dramatic. In the deliciously ironic title story—which tells how a popinjay professor was led into writing love letters to a girl which some pleasantly wicked friends invented—in the tragic tale of a prisoned soul called "The Goldfish," in the ironically mystical "The Ghost of a Chance," and, indeed, all her tales, all her wit, her delicacy, her touches of narrative move towards the climax. Each story goes up like a good house, which captivates with its complete charm, though it is built of many details

* "Lester Grayling, K.C." By Leslie J. Lynwood. 7s. 6d. (Bale & Danielsson.)—"The Romance of His Life." By Mary Cholmondeley. 6s. (Murray.)—"The Pleasant Husband." By Marjorie Bowen. 8s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett.)—"Temptations." By David Pinski. 7s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

in material. Miss Cholmondeley never says "Thank you, you are very kind" meaninglessly. She says it because she wants to show that this act of kindness leads up to the next point of the tale.

Miss Bowen, in "The Pleasant Husband," proves that just as much craft can be employed in the popular magazine story as in the more literary effort. When one recognises that Miss Bowen has to get an historical tang and colour into her yarns as well as a clean story, one sees what a good workman she is. It is interesting to watch her at it. In several tales of pre-Norman days she gets her effects by a curious, chopped dialogue, that is as useful as any purple patch in imparting local colour. In some rather nice and fairy-like stories, "Three Little Chronicles," she conveys the spirit of her period by writing as though she had copied her tales from an old monkish chronicle. She gets her period indeed, excellently, always, whether it is mediæval, Restoration or modern (as several of the stories are), and she gets it by tacking her descriptions on to her dialogue, or making it part of her action—that is, if her hero gallops along a road, it is a road of his period with houses and costumes to match. A line or two, a few words are all she needs and they all go with the swing of the story. There are scarcely any "passages" at all, but there is no mistaking her colour, and no halting in the sharp stab of her drama.

Mr. David Pinski, who has a great reputation in America as a Jewish playwright and story-teller, is more successful when he is writing what in this country is called "the long-short" than in the true short story. "Drabkin," the best attempt in "Temptations," is more like the first draft of a novel dealing with the evolution of a socialist into a sweater than anything else. But it is effective. It is lean. It is built up in crisp short chapters that stand as a series of snap-shots of emotion or action, and bulked together build up the whole character of the fluid little Jew. "A Tale of a Hungry Man" has the power of massing detail upon detail in the Russian manner, and crushes the mind with its overburdening accumulation of miseries. It has the essential qualities of all good short stories in that its every triviality leads to one end.

DOUGLAS NEWTON.

ONE WOMAN.*

Sussex at last is more than coming into her own. Apart from several worthy books of late in the field of topography and the novels of Miss Kaye-Smith, the Shire of Slow Speech is beginning to engross the pen of a man who has tried many forms and kinds of literature and in nearly all succeeded. "Owd Bob" alone looks like making his name last. But with all deference one ventures to think it is easier to make a masterpiece out of a sheep-dog on the border moors than it is to build up a whole "southron" community and make them live out a modern drama in successive volumes. Mr. Ollivant betrays his old and familiar propensities—enthusiasm for the moors, the army, India, the medical profession, and the toiling poor, and a hatred for the grinding commercialism of the period. But in this trilogy of Sussex, in which the present volume is the second member, he weaves a new passion and a new enthusiasm for life in general, together with a new compassion and chivalry for woman in particular. In "Two Men" we encountered the abrupt and growing contrast between Ernie and Alf Caspar, the sons of a disappointed scholar fallen contentedly among peasant surroundings. One duly noted the balance of fortune: marriage, offspring and poverty for Ernie; jealousy and prosperity for his ill-conditioned brother, the motor-mechanic who swells into a village "somebody." In this book the war plays the part of retributive justice, for Ern, who has drifted into a slacker with a thirst, goes back to the ranks; while Alf is mortified by seeing his business collapse and conscription coming to claim him. More than this, Ern's wife, the comely and buxom Ruth, is restored to all the old

* "One Woman." By Alfred Ollivant. 8s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

Mr. Alfred Ollivant.

admiration for her husband and is rescued from the snare of infidelity with his friend Joe Burt, a manful Radical. It is impossible not to think of Tess as the archetype of Ruth, and Barnes Newcome as the exemplar of the snivelling Alf; but they remain original and convincing, these Sussex folk of Mr. Ollivant's, and he fits them into a community interest which is full of colour and variety and reality. There is one blemish in the book. In the endeavour to be fashionable and strenuous, the author brings in marital passages which were quite unnecessary and certainly do not improve the book. No man who can create character and express it in humoursome, crackling, vigorous dialogue like Mr. Ollivant's has any need or call to leave the broad highway of universal interest for a descent into details which can only take with an ultra-modernist majority. They lessen our sympathy with Ruth's early lapse in life, and reduce the artistry of a great romance.

J. P. C.

THE TRAGEDY OF WILLIAM COWPER.*

A new edition of Mr. Thomas Wright's excellent biography of Cowper is very welcome, for, apart from the intrinsic merits of the original book, the author has had access to much new material since the work was first published in 1892. In particular, he has been able to make use of many new letters written by Cowper, including sixteen which have been placed by Mr. George Avenell in the Cowper Museum, located in the house at Olney where the poet lived for nineteen years, and where he wrote "John Gilpin" and "The Task." The house in question, known as "Orchard Side," was presented to the nation by Mr. W. H. Collingridge in 1900, the year the Cowper Society was founded by Mr. Thomas Wright, who has done as much to keep green the memory of the melancholy recluse of Olney as he has that of John Payne, the recluse of Kilburn.

The life of Cowper makes sad reading for, apart from a few light episodes and some periods of pleasant quiet existence, the record is one of desolating gloom. As is well known, Cowper suffered from periodical melancholia and perpetual delusions; he imagined he heard mysterious voices uttering such cryptic phrases as "He shall eat eleven days longer or thereabout," and "I heard a stone in the wall say, 'I am God'"; he believed that God had

* "The Life of William Cowper." By Thomas Wright. Second edition. With Thirty Illustrations. 12s. 6d. (Farncombe.)

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forsaken him for ever and that there was no escape from his doom of eternal perdition. For the last twenty-seven years of his life the terrible hallucination continued. Sometimes a ray of hope illumined his clouded mind, but alas! it was but "a flash in a dark night, during which the heavens opened only to shut again." As he wrote to his cousin, Lady Hesketh: "I have nothing left to wish, but the wish of many years, that I had never existed. Hunted into this terrible state of mind so long since, what now can I look for . . . Oh, that there could be pity, or if not that, at least forbearance for the most forlorn of all men." And this from one who in earlier days had been a deeply religious man and the author of many beautiful hymns, such as "Hark, my soul! it is the Lord," "Oh for a closer walk with God," and "God moves in a mysterious way."

Yet in the intervals of his dreadful affliction he found some compensation in friendship and family affection. His tender tribute to his mother's memory, "On the receipt of my mother's picture," is one of the most beautiful things in poetry. He was hardly six years of age when his mother died, but as he said in one of his letters to Hill: "I can truly say that not a week passes (perhaps I might with equal veracity say a day) in which I do not think of her; such was the impression her tenderness made upon me, though the opportunity she had for showing it was so short."

The predominant factor of Cowper's life, putting aside his mental trouble, was his capacity for friendship with a succession of clever women. He was never gregarious, and he was by nature a recluse; but he felt the necessity of feminine society and correspondence. Marriage he never desired, and he had but one serious love affair, when quite a young man, with his cousin, Theodora Cowper. But the family and Fate were against the young lovers. They were parted, and neither ever married.

Cowper's long residence with Mrs. Unwin; his correspondence with Lady Hesketh and Mrs. Madan; his eventful friendship (and final quarrel) with Lady Austen (who was the suggester of "John Gilpin" and "The Task"); his brief period of social intercourse with the Throckmortons and Hayley; and a vivid account of his quiet life, his rural pleasures and his afflictions, are all presented with narrative skill by his biographer.

S. M. ELLIS.

BUCHAN'S HISTORY OF THE WAR.*

Those twenty-four little red volumes which appeared at short intervals from 1915 to 1919 under the unpromising title of Nelson's "History of the War" (for what experienced reader does not distrust a volume where the publisher's proprietorship displaces the author's responsibility?) were immediately recognised by the great public as what it wanted—a clear, reasoned, vivid presentment of those all-important events, of which, thanks to an unintelligent censorship, it had but the vaguest and most muddled conception. The great public bought them in immense numbers, but—undoubtedly owing to the unfortunate prominence of Messrs. Nelsons' imprint—all too few recognised the work for the phenomenal achievement it was. As the product of a group of minds harmonised by an enterprising publisher, the history would have been remarkable for its excellence. As the production of a single man, busy (though this is not the reader's affair) with other important duties, it is probably without a parallel. For, in the thick of the mêlée of events, of the apocryphal legends and fragmentary, contradictory and deliberately falsified accounts of those events which then were the current and almost the sole chronicles of the time, Mr. John Buchan wrote a history which was not only marvellously comprehensive in its all-embracing study of every theatre of the war, brilliant in its analysis and vivid in its description, but which remains substantially accurate to this day.

* "A History of the Great War." By John Buchan. In four vols., each 25s. net. Vol. I—From the Outbreak to the Battle of Neuve Chapelle. (Nelson.)

Nevertheless, the immense amount of knowledge which has become available since the end of the war naturally necessitates the revision of what, to a vast proportion of the English-speaking peoples, has become the familiar handbook to the world-wide conflict. Mr. Buchan has not merely revised his history, he has largely rewritten it, and it is to be reissued to the public in four large volumes, of which the first, going as far as Neuve Chapelle, is already published.

But he has retained the viewpoint of his original volumes. It is still the history written by the contemporary spectator, recalling the judgments, ambitions and illusions which influenced the world at the moment of action, but many of which, even to-day, have already almost passed out of memory.

> "The details of this or that battle may be clearer in the future when war-diaries and personal memoirs have multiplied, but I believe," says Mr. Buchan in his preface, "that the main features of the war can be more accurately seen and more truly judged by those who lived through it than by a scholar writing after the lapse of half a century. . . . The book is the opposite of an official history. It does not pretend to lay open sealed archives; it is a personal, not a professional record, a chronicle of individual observation, private study, personal assessments."

So Mr. Buchan, but the book is more than a record or a chronicle, it is a history in the fullest and most philosophic sense of the term, a history where a vivid and accurately informed imagination repeoples the world-stage with the actors as they lived—and died, where a penetrating analysis informs the reader with the deep purpose of the plot, where there is no bias against the adversary whom he might be tempted to make the caricatured villain of the piece.

Mr. Buchan's history, however, is not one of those books that open up controversies. It is—magnificently told—an epic of achievement. He is only interested in what happened. There is no exploration of the "might-have-beens," no harshly critical condemnations of those who, for this historian at least, were doing their best in the great drama. He sees the positive and not the negative aspects of the responsible generals, and does not ask of them to be more than they were. If he hints at a defect, it is with such gentle asperity that it might almost pass unnoticed. For an example that is typical of all his personal valuations, he says, writing of Joffre:

> "He was not, like Foch, a great military student and thinker, and he accepted what was given him in that line, devoting himself to the concrete preparation in detail which he understood. He represented character rather than mind, and, as it happened, it was character that France needed most in the hour of crisis. His honesty was to enable him to make the drastic changes for which events clamoured; his modesty and intellectual candour allowed him to revise plan after plan; above all, his steadfast courage, his infinite patience, and his kindly simplicity gave to his countrymen a leader whom they could regard with confidence, respect and love. We shall see him unchanged both by sunshine and shadow, in good and evil report the same bluff, shrewd, wise, paternal being—one who, as Bossuet said of Turenne, could fight without anger, win without ambition, and triumph without vanity."

This is in pleasant contrast with the bitter criticisms some of those countrymen of Joffre have since passed on their late leader! But who does not recognise it as a life-like portrait—not less true because deficiencies of supreme importance in such a position as Joffre's are merely hinted at, with discreet sympathy, as the possibly inevitable corollaries of his best qualities?

But Mr. Buchan is concerned with personalities only in so far as they were the chosen instruments of the Fates who stage-managed millions of human beings into situations of immense horror, of incalculably momentous intellectual dilemma, of superhuman irony, and of sublimely human heroism. His presentment of them has the lofty detachment of Thomas Hardy in "The Dynasts." It is the procession of the events then woven into the tapestry of time, their causes and their effects, that are his theme. He describes a campaign with such succinct vividness that the reader not only sees it as from a point of vantage, but looks into the minds of the opposing generals and, with a fascinating ease, appreciates their motives. The military

student may quarrel with a few of his statements—for instance, that at the Marne "Sir John French convinced Kluck that there was no alternative to retreat," a flattering estimate of our part in that critical battle which is in direct contradiction to the Continental opinion on the matter—but, in general, though later knowledge may amplify, it is scarcely likely to alter in essentials Mr. Buchan's careful and highly visualised narrative of the operations of war on land and sea.

Beyond all controversy are those chapters on the psychology of the peoples of this world in conflict. Brilliantly analytical yet summing up their subject in a masterly synthesis of all that is significant, they will remain, undoubtedly, the supreme exposition of the thoughts and feelings, fears and ambitions, of humanity in the greatest crisis of its written history. To those chapters the historian of the future will turn for an unrivalled statement of the fact that he cannot do better than to quote.

Written in a noble English that rises loftily to the dignity of the unequalled theme, yet never overshoots itself, dispassionately just to friend and foe alike, profoundly penetrative in its elucidation of confused moments of crisis, magnificent in its grasp of the whole, Mr. Buchan has created a history that will rank as a classic to be read for its own sake long after our personal interest in its subject has receded to the horizon of time.

F. BRITTEN AUSTIN.

FROM PRIVATE TO FIELD-MARSHAL.*

Sir William Robertson may justly be regarded as a remarkable person; he is the only man who has risen from a trooper in a cavalry regiment to a field-marshal of the British Army; he has held such posts as Commandant of the Staff College, Director of Military Training, Quarter-master-General, B.E.F., and Chief of the Imperial General Staff; *and* he has written a book in which he sets down his experiences without malice or bitterness. Perhaps the last is not the least of his achievements.

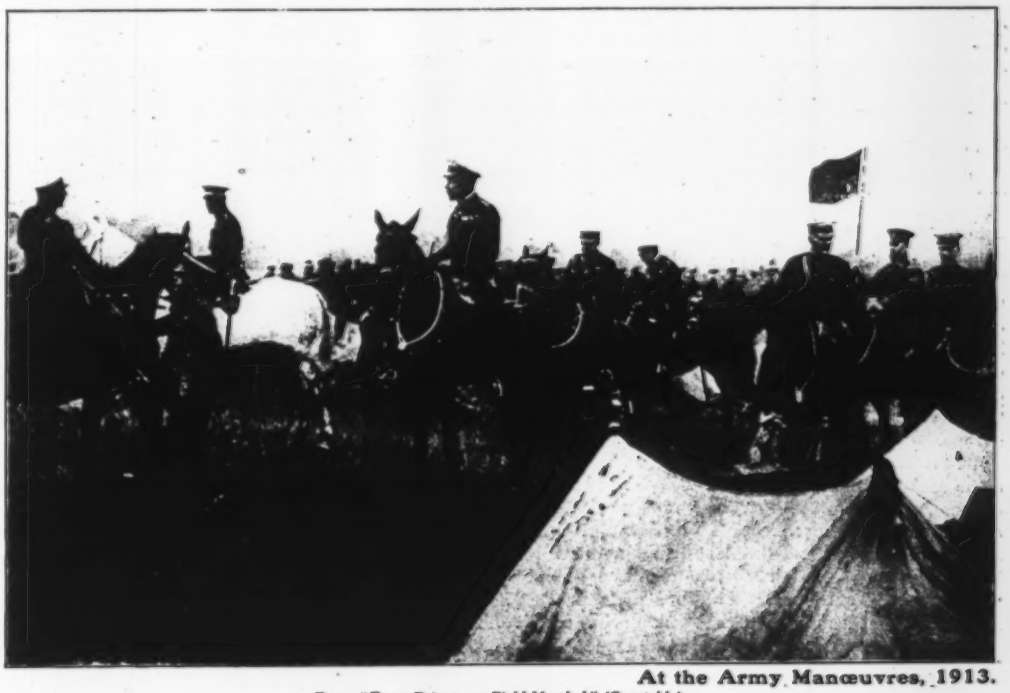
It is not only an intensely interesting book; it is a valuable contribution to the real literature of the war. Sir William's modesty is best illustrated by the following extract from his preface:

"The only justification for publishing this book is that it describes the climbing of a soldier from the bottom to the top of the military ladder. . . . Energy and determination are usually essential to advancement in any vocation. . . . Given the exercise of these qualities and the same help from real friends as I enjoyed . . . any man can equal what I have accomplished."

It is in this spirit that Sir William has written a narrative that becomes more interesting from page to page. Of course one is tempted to discuss that portion which deals with the events that immediately preceded and followed the year 1914, but to do so would be to lose sight of one of its most important features—the opportunity it affords the reader of comparing the soldier of "the old days" with the modern type, and of following almost minutely the processes of evolution which have resulted in the production of an entirely new fighting unit. The events of the last few years have taught the most ardent lovers of peace that it is well for a nation to be able to place herself quickly in a posture of defence, and Sir William Robertson's life-story is the vehicle by means of which he conveys a number of deeply interesting comments on military affairs in their relation to the preservation of national life, and suggestions for the improvement of that relation. It is not possible to discuss here problems that Sir William himself has only been able to approach in the course of many pages of type; the book should be studied with the leisured consideration it merits. One may, however, seize a point here and there without injustice to the whole.

Like "Stonewall Jackson," Sir William is—and was many years ago—keenly alive to the absolute necessity of efficient staff work if war is to be conducted successfully. By staff work, be it understood, is meant not merely the issuing of operation orders, but the thousand and one duties the efficient and rapid performance of which are essential if the man with the bayonet is to be given the opportunity of using it at the psychological moment. First as student and later as Commandant at the Staff College, Sir William gained impressions, and made acquaintances, which were to prove of great assistance to him when the struggle with Germany—which he had been one of those to predict—tested the theories which he and others had so often discussed.

It is pleasant to note how frequently the Field-Marshal finds occasion to use such phrases as "I was greatly helped by——," "The success of this scheme owed much to the efforts of——," and so on; never have I read a "great man's book" in which the great man paid such grateful and graceful tribute to those who served under his banner. And not alone his subordinates: he acknowledges in plain terms the help and support of soldier and of civilian—and of none more than that great leader, the late Earl Kitchener.



At the Army Manœuvres, 1913.
From "From Private to Field-Marshal" (Constable).

* "From Private to Field-Marshal." By Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson, Bart., G.C.B., etc. 21s. (Constable.)

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Sir William, at least, is not one of those who believe that Kitchener had shot his bolt and had no more arrows in his quiver when the *Hampshire* sank. In one of several frank references to the Earl, Sir William says :

" Like some other great men Lord Kitchener was exacting, and had no use whatever for those who raised petty difficulties at a time when prompt action was required ; while as to his alleged habit of overcentralisation all I can say is that it was never displayed during the six months I had the privilege of working with him. . . . Nor did he disclose any sign of that ruthless and domineering disposition attributed to him by those who wished to injure his good name. On the contrary, he was a kind and delightful chief to serve, once his ways were understood ; and I know that he many times stood up against opposition in high quarters so as to protect officers who were threatened with unfair treatment."

And again :

" On the whole I would say that the achievements and foresight of Lord Kitchener place him in a class entirely by himself ; and they justify the conclusion that no man in any of the Entente countries accomplished more, if as much, to bring about the final defeat of the enemy."

In discussing subjects which are intimately connected with the proceedings of ministers and other politicians, Sir William treads warily ; but it is the wariness of a man who declines to assist in the washing of dirty linen in public rather than the timidity of the faint-hearted. One is grateful, in these days of mutual recrimination, to Sir William Robertson for producing a work at once so interesting, so valuable and so free from bad taste.

FRANCIS D. GRIERSON (Captain).

THE QUEEN MOTHER.*

When Princess Alexandra of Denmark came to England to marry that Prince of Wales who was afterwards King Edward VII, she, a tall, slim, fair, blue-eyed, beautiful girl, won the suffrages of this nation, which has ever since held her in the highest esteem. It is easy for Royalty to be popular, but few royalties have been so popular as this lady. Her youthful charm and grace appealed to all sections of society, and secured for her an enduring regard. The life of a Princess of Wales is usually uneventful—the case of Caroline, the wife of George IV is a notable and unfortunate exception—and even the life of a British queen-consort is usually devoid of any great interest. The biography of a royal lady who is still alive, or only recently dead is, indeed, very difficult to write. Few persons who have essayed such a task have done so successfully. Huish was always scandalous and dull, and the rest for the most part laudatory and dull. Mr. Trowbridge has been clever enough not to be dull. He has made no attempt to give a detailed account, full of dates, names, descriptions of ceremonies, addresses, and such things ; very wisely he has confined himself to dealing with those events, political and personal, which principally influenced her life. He tells us of the Princess's early life at the Court of her father ; of her regret at the decision of this country not to support Denmark in the war with Germany over Schleswig-Holstein; and so on. He dwells upon the important place she held in society by virtue of her position as the wife of the Heir-Apparent, and how perforce she became more prominent after Queen Victoria became a widow and, for all practical purposes, a recluse. Her influence on the social life of this country was beneficial in the extreme, and, in later days, the Edwardian Court became the Court of Europe.

Mr. Trowbridge is never sycophantic, as too often happens in the case of biographers of royalty ; but he is, it must be said, consistently and invariably eulogistic. Also highly appreciative is the introduction by Walburga Lady Paget, who has been long and intimately acquainted with the Queen-Mother. " Her charm has not waned," she writes ; " it has been kept alive by the Queen's kindness of heart, her unselfishness, simplicity, and unswerving truthfulness, which have swept away all that is mean or base from her environment. The Queen has, in her long experience of life and events, acquired a great knowledge of the world, which, with her inborn common sense and tact, gives her judgments and acts exceptional weight." During the war, this lady tells us, " Queen Alexandra's physical courage was sustained by her steadfast soul." Mr. Trowbridge is true to his sub-title of " A Study of Royalty," and he gives in his first chapter an account of royalty, its history, and its functions which is distinctly valuable. Particularly interesting are his remarks on the evolution from autocracy to democracy, and one detects a pleasant flavour of irony in the following passage : " The French Revolution was the deification of democracy. Henceforth it mattered little whether kingship was hereditary or elected ; kings or presidents, or whatever they were called, it was the people only who were divine." This is a book which will appeal to the innumerable admirers of Queen Alexandra. It contains a number of portraits and illustrations taken from various sources which undoubtedly enhances its value.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

* " Queen Alexandra : A Study of Royalty." By W. R. H. Trowbridge. With an Introduction by Walburga Lady Paget. 21s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

TEMPERAMENTAL STUDIES.*

There are some authors to whom the short story comes naturally, by whom it is written naturally ; there are others who give us the impression that they have been studying the rules—the arresting opening, the brief development, the swift climax. But rules of art are like creeds—they are meant to guide, not to bind, and the really competent artist can break them without sin or reproach.

Miss Beatrice Harraden occasionally neglects the rules of the short story, simply because her artistry is sound and her genius sure. I use the word " genius " in the sense of inspiration ; those who are inspired by a mood, by the mysterious and irresistible desire to write, can hardly fail to convey to others the thrill—they take the stage and " get across the footlights " without apparent effort. One feels, in reading this collection of short stories, thirteen in all, that their very various themes " came " to the author, just as a verse will come to a poet's waiting mind, or a melody will haunt a musician, and that she sooner or later had to record them in this form. Remembering her previous work, it goes without saying that delicacy of treatment prevails ; delicate almost to frailty is the subject, for example, of the first story, " The Enchanted House," and I do not know anyone who could have so softly harmonised this simple phrase. Regarded from the practical viewpoint, the story is extremely improbable ; as written, the reader is beguiled into thinking that after all it might have happened. The third little episode, entitled " Bondage," is one of the best studies in temperament in the book ; it tells of an artist, married to an uncomprehending wife whose tastes are entirely different, and of his struggle with the forces which he feels welling up within him—the forces urging him to do the work for which he was intended, and to cut himself away from his unhappiness. It is a well-known theme, but again we find its treatment distinctly individual. The fact is that the mind of the author transmutes each little incident into something with a suspicion of the ethereal ; a gossamer veil is interposed between us and her characters which endows them, not with unreality, but with delicacy, a softened outline.

This may not be the highest art of all ; there are readers who prefer the short story that explodes like a cracker, or brings a shudder, or dazzles by sheer brilliance. Such work would be impossible to Miss Harraden ; she avoids the heavy touch, the " trick " story, the dazzle of cleverness without heart, preferring to keep beauty intact and simple rather than to elaborate it and deform it in the attempt to achieve an exotic effect. It must not be assumed, however, that she has no recognition of the value of dramatic climax or surprise ; in several of these stories it is introduced with skill, though the skill is not

* " Thirteen All Told." By Beatrice Harraden. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

obtrusive. The last one, "The Little Grey Home in the West," is an instance of this; a singer who has made that song familiar to the men at the front is suddenly impelled to sing it at a troublous labour meeting, and the result is instant silence as the memories crowd home, and the chorus is taken up with a swing, and there can be no bickering after such a quick unity of spirit. To many of the stories there is a much more complex "plot" than this; but all are pervaded by the same spirit. I am glad to find another memorandum from the career of "Tamar Scott," the lady whose rudeness was only equalled by her genius for judging precious stones; this particular story is one of the best in the collection, and its element of the supernatural is not too strongly emphasised.

This, then, is a slight summary and appreciation of Miss Harraden's latest book; and my own opinion is that if she will not give us another novel on the lines of "Spring Shall Plant," then her short studies in temperament are the next best thing. Of late years we have had plenty of the magazine-type of short story, the collection of incidents sentimental or entertaining into volume form without any apparent personality behind them. Excellent enough are these, in their way; but their place is within magazine-covers, not within the covers of a book. It is a pleasant thing to perceive, behind a number of stories such as this group by Miss Harraden, unrelated and disconnected from one another though they are, a distinct personality, a sense of having sympathetic touch with the author. It is her gift to be able to inspire this feeling (possibly without being aware of it); and we may hope that the sense, however slight, of having made many unknown and unseen friends by her work, will convey to her in hours of reverie some of the pleasure she has given to others.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

THE ROMANTIC AGE.*

It is a common delusion, because we happen to be alive in 1921, wear similar garments and exchange kindred platitudes, that we are for these reasons representatives (however modest) of the present remarkable era. Such a conception will, I have no doubt, be demolished very shortly by one of those very eminent persons whom the Church has come to regard as regrettable since the dawn of worship. He will point out that whereas some individuals are living in the future and therefore beyond our judgment, a number throng the present, a majority walk in the twilight of the past, and the rest—the ratepayers, workers, and the like—are static, and have always been so since the Israelites asked for straw and did not get it. Then will a number of things, so extremely obscure at present, be understood, and not merely accepted in the spirit of wonder or Christian fortitude but actually admired. My great-aunt whose behaviour has caused us all so much pain and disappointment will, as a fine specimen of the Inquisition period in Spain, lend to our otherwise commonplace family circle a new and gratifying prestige. Our cook I clearly perceive for the first time is later Anglo-Saxon in a state of magnificent preservation: one knows at once by her vast, partially-cooked joints and solid Gargantuan puddings. The Vicar is not a little weak-minded, as some have unpardonably suggested, but a type, very rare indeed to-day, of the most elegant and remote eighteenth-century workmanship. It is without pressing the matter further surely a pleasing explanation for our several infirmities. Take a case in point. A man of letters remarked to me the other day that he had cruelly misjudged Mr. Cunninghame Graham. "I have," he said, blushing a little, "until quite recently taken it too much for granted that he is seventeenth century. He is not. He is without any question whatever pure sixteenth, and I am uncertain whether the fifteenth won't ultimately prevail."

* "Mogreb-el-Acksa." By R. B. Cunninghame Graham 18s. (Duckworth.)

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham.**

In republishing "Mogreb-el-Acksa"—a journey in Morocco—Mr. Cunninghame Graham has proved the permanent character of his craftsmanship. He has returned over twenty years and there are none of the recognised and, one might have added, inevitable signs of decay. How many living writers of to-day could so write of anything at all—novels, memoirs, studies—that twenty years or twenty weeks later it would not be an act of folly to disinter their dead offspring? Upon Mr. Graham the trials that lie heavy upon his fellows rest very lightly indeed. What are twenty years to a writer who is contemporary in spirit with Walter Ralegh, and whose impression of the value of our civilisation is not disguised in the words: "Guns, gin, powder and shoddy cloths . . . new wants, new ways, and discontent with what they know and no attempt to teach a proper comprehension of what they introduce—these are the blessings Europeans take to Eastern lands"?

A second disaster of the years that leaves this writer unscarred but levels his colleagues like a row of smitten sunflowers is created by the changes time reveals not merely in the fashions of contemporary style but in the accuracy of data. Mr. Cunninghame Graham moves beyond such things. He produces with baffling ease and adroit dexterity effects that more conscientious and more intellectual writers would give all their labour and their knowledge to achieve. He can within a few swift strokes reveal a character, whether it be a Scottish lady of lost years or an Arab chieftain, with a delicacy, a humour, and a humanity that will preserve his sketches when the sounding names of to-day have long since slipped into the twilight of oblivion.

That "Mogreb-el-Acksa" is well worth republishing is without question, but the significance of the narrative is not historical, or geographical, or social, or any of the things that arouse in our universities vague desires to bestow an honorary degree. Nor will a public nourished upon Pelman and short books on large subjects be certain that Mr. Graham appreciates sufficiently the gravity of life and the supreme importance of the English race. Indeed his deep and adamant contempt for the more obvious crudities (his is a satirical but not a subtle mind]

of our modern civilisation with its shoddy ideas of happiness, its adoration of cinema stars, its concourse of chars-à-bancs, its detestation of all forms of art and music, its tepid faith, lies at the bedrock of all Mr. Graham's work. The knowledge haunts him in every line he has ever written that even to-day (or was it yesterday?) over the wide plains of South America and the blazing sands of the East a race of men astride their lean horses are carrying on, however heedlessly, the dying tradition of silence, dignity, freedom of passion and fervent belief. Men like those he wrote about in that memorable tale of "Consulheiro," the Brazilian mystic. Men such as pass across the pages of this book as substantial and remote as ghosts "asking their way," as Mr. Graham so suggestively puts it, "from those they meet who answer them as wise as they, 'Ride on to the lone tree on the horizon, then bear a little to the right, and if you keep the line you cannot miss the houses, for the barking of the dogs will guide you, if it falls dark.'" In that sense and in that mood it has fallen to Mr. Cuninnghame Graham to proclaim the passing of the old ways, to pipe over such things a commemorative pibroch which is a thing difficult to undertake at any time and to quite a number of persons an enigma always.

But to the reader of even average intelligence who is not at all interested in the personality of the author or the peculiar flavour of his work, the narrative must attract by its spirit of raillery, its acute observation, its sustained quality of casual comment, and its rare beauty of occasional description. I suppose in these stern times one should quote a passage to prove that Mr. Graham's knowledge of conditions in Morocco will warrant (the subject is topical just now) a run on the library. Unhappily I can recall no political titbit, no reminiscence of an eminent person, no adventures amongst Bedouin, no profound reflections on local conditions. The apologia of it all had better be left in the words of the author himself who has "brought together a sack of cobwebs, a pack of gossamer, a bale of thistledown, dragon-flies' wings, of Oriental gossip as to bygone facts, of old-world recollections, of new-world practices half understood."

That he must stand hesitant between the centuries is, I suppose, the destiny of Mr. Cunninghame Graham, and that he has ridden a solitary figure over the deserted valleys of the world to gather in his slender harvest would have brought perhaps a smile to the face of a Dickens or a Scott, but to each his path where so many roads lead to the unchanging soul of man.

FREDERICK WATSON.

"DOWN HERE THE HAWTHORN."*

A somewhat ill-considered argument is heard nowadays with dangerous frequency: we want harsh criticism and the discouragement of too-popular versifiers: let us hark back to the good old slashing days of *Blackwood's* and the *Quarterly*. Before pleading for a type of criticism which advised Keats to go back to pill-making and which branded Shelley as an immoral lunatic, it would be well first to escape from the mood of excusable impatience generated by the late flood of "war-poetry," and to consider this question soberly. Second thoughts about it lead one to the conclusion that merely harsh criticism may immensely weaken a good poet's impulse to write, but no kind of criticism has ever prevented the poetaster from writing pseudo-poetry. Unfortunately also good poetry does not win popularity so soon as many imitations of it, and the favour these enjoy will not be clouded by the critic's frown.

These thoughts occur to me as I close "Down Here the Hawthorn," the book which contains Mr. Thomas Moult's first collection of poems. A critic whose ambition was to "put some pep" into his review could bash the big stick into Mr. Moult's hawthorn blossoms with great effect; for Mr. Moult is undisciplined. He thinks nothing of writing:

> "With the moor-mists swifting,
> As they have swifted"—

in a poem where verbal eclecticism is essential to realise a half-heard recurring rhythm as of music veiled away. He is quite shameless in dealing out big and little chunks of poetic prose in the curiously winding path of the longer poems. He has included one piece of horrible nonsense ("The Old Men") in this book. And then comes the remembrance of poems here and there, one in the *Athenæum*, one in *Colour*, one in *Voices*, one in *Time and Tide*—poems appealing to sensitive imaginations, which Mr. Moult has not included in this first collection. Also they were poems in which the author's delicate sense of rhythm operated within the boundaries of metrical law.

But is this book now disposed of? Oh, not at all, Mr. Severity Critic! The man who is simultaneously author of this first collection of poetry and that first novel, "Snow Over Elden," is a man who, in spite of numberless difficulties, will win his entry into the eternal gardens of English literature True, he has not yet paid his debt to art in full. More labours and more accomplished feats await his progress. But no one interested in poetry can afford to pass by "Down Here the Hawthorn." The author has not put all his store of honey into this hive, but the gold and amber glow is unmistakably here. The two pieces on the manhood we sacrificed in war, "Truly He Hath a Sweet Bed" and "How Beautiful They Are," will not fade into oblivion so long as English is a living language. A poem like "Flamborough Head" reveals the happy success Mr. Moult can make of a feather-light play of fancy swinging to seemingly irresponsible rhythms. The love poems in this book are lovely with a light all too rare, and in a certain austere manner of employing images from nature they rank with the beautiful requiems for dead soldiers. "Chayah, my Beautiful" is an example of this exquisite thought clad in images of a delicate loveliness, though the verse-medium itself is far from satisfactory.

Among the still unmentioned contents of "Down Here the Hawthorn" is the warm humanity of the ballad, "Heart of a Seamstress," the savage sternness of the "Invocation" to the harsh hills of the Peak; and the shock of sublime vision in the fierce sonnet entitled "Labour."

Such work in these mammon-hustled times must be encouraged and not simply kicked into a corner by supercilious reviewing. I wish every reader of this article could be depended upon to buy or to make their library buy a copy of "Down Here the Hawthorn," and a copy of every other new volume of poetry on a level with it. Their purchases would not be very frequent.

R. L. MÉGROZ.

RABELAIS.*

The publishers of the "St. Martin's Library" are to be thanked for the addition to their series of this prodigious book. Type, size and format are as nearly perfect as is possible to a fallible world. Rabelais in any other guise than in this handy, pocketable, well printed and attractive form, is so much the less acceptable to the peculiar public that wants to read him. He is not for every man and not for any woman: but for the select or improper public who can rejoice in his spirit, here is the right edition; and though this commendation may seem to reflect some ingratitude for that larger volume, with Doré's illustrations, which we have hitherto best known, it is not really so. It is the reviewer's duty to cry good fish when he finds it.

Rabelais is not for every man, because no form of humour is for every man; and his form of humour needs a charitable spirit and a strong stomach. Yet there is still a goodly following for his gusto; and the ringing cheerfulness which helped to clear hearts and minds of mephitic

* "Down Here the Hawthorn." By Thomas Moult. 5s. (Heinemann).

* "The Lives, Heroic Deeds and Sayings of Gargantua and His Son, Pantagruel." By Dr. Francis Rabelais. 3 vols. 10s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

vapours in the old times are helpful now, when the times are not so different, after all. Out of the Middle Ages it comes in great peals, the loud mirth of the strong spirit, which is yet not the noisy laughter of the empty mind. It is as well to recognise the dominant note of the book at once: for not to get atune with it, not to realise that this is a work of joy—however darkly that joy may sometimes be expressed—is to miss the whole point of its purpose and to make the reading a mere ploughing of uncertain sands:

> "One inch of joy surmounts of grief a span;
> Because to laugh is proper to the man"

is the original prescription. Sincere laughter, such as that of Gargantuan proportion which rejoiced the diaphragm of Dr. Francis Rabelais, is, and has been ever, the moral oxygen of the world; and even although its cause or excuse in these pages is frequently of the kind unheard in drawing-rooms, such humour and such wit were true of the time, and are not to be measured by the standard of the flapper at Margate.

The note of his work is described by Rabelais as Pantagruelian; and on a number of occasions he defines that particular. It is, says he in the Prologue to the Fourth Book, "a certain jollity of mind pickled in the scorn of Fortune," and that we may feel pretty sure is something of the true meaning of the extraordinary Herb, Pantagruelion, which, though in the text it is said to be hemp, is assuredly something more magical and less definite. That detail, which has puzzled not only the "little, envious Prigs, snarling, bastard, puny Criticks," but all else who have tried to read the full riddle of this amazing book, must be left in that vast limbo of lost things, the key to which is buried somewhere under the mists of the Middle Ages.

And what an amazing book this is! No wonder that Dryasdust, with his purblind omniscience, has generally left it alone; for it is not to be measured by any rule of exactitude. It is anything, and it is everything. Satire of course, here and there, especially when the vile old monkish systems of Rabelaisian times come to the writer's remembrance; farce frequently; angry irony often; and sometimes mere fanciful narrative, as in that "Quest of the Holy Bottle," with its adventures inspired by Lucian, and the impish mirth of Panurge to point its hilarity as well as its purpose; yes, and many things else. Allegory, cómedy and jolly nonsense, with often a serious note as the shadow of the laughter. Incomprehensible to the serious in a bald spot and spectacles, it sheds something of its immortal enchantment on those who, in the right sympathy, sail with Pantagruel through the wandering seas.

It is the work of a keen mind and a great human heart. Hating the pomps and vanities which fettered so many—and fetter them still—there was a gentleness, a spirit of good nature, even a beauty of thought, which like a silver flower sprang from, and glowed amidst, the filth and the beastliness: for, after the verbal riot, the noise of the clinking cups and flagons and the hurly of indecent words, bellowed and roared with lungs of leather, comes Pantagruel's simple plaint that the great God Pan is dead. And then, with a characteristic whimsicality—how Puck must have frolicked in the heart and brain of Rabelais!—the pagan deity is associated and identified with another who "died near Jerusalem":

> "Pantagruel having ended this Discourse, remain'd silent, and full of Contemplation; a little while after, we saw the Tears flow out of his Eyes as big as Ostridge's Eggs. God take me presently, if I tell you one single syllable of a Lye in the Matter."

Such contrast successfully wrought, as it is managed here, is of the rare fruit of genius and proof of a gentle and tender human spirit. Pantagruel was Rabelais himself, drawn to the dimensions of the Titans, a being of all kinds of humour, mad, sad, merry, and sometimes stinging; but always there is a gentleness behind the scorn and something of that soul of pity which is the sign of the truly great. Rabelais is not for every man, and never will be so; but to others—it may be few or many, who can say? for humour is something beyond the census-taker—he will remain not only the jolly companion of a firelit hour; but an influence moving towards the finer and more permanent things, what Carlyle called the "Eternal Verities"—and in any tribute of this kind his translators, Urquhart and Le Motteaux, must have their due. Without them Rabelais might have been as hard to swallow as an Ostridge's Egg.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

THREE WOMEN IN A COTTAGE.*

Just as Mr. Jerome Klapka Jerome called his most popular book, "Three Men in a Boat," so what promises to be Miss Klickmann's most popular work might be entitled "Three Women in a Cottage." Mr. Jerome told of the jolly adventures of Harris, George and himself on the river; Miss Klickmann tells of the equally jolly and joyous doings of Ursula, Victoria and herself, in a cottage overlooking a river. No suggestion is intended to the effect that the work of either writer might be described as "By Jerome Klapka Klickmann" or "By Flora Klickmann Jerome"—still less that Miss Klickmann's book was suggested by, or owes anything to Mr. Jerome's. The latter is a humorist, but he is also a thinker, who has written wisely and with wide outlook on many pressing problems. Behind his humour is always a grave and earnest personality. Miss Klickmann can, on occasion, be as grave and earnest as Mr. Jerome, who turns aside from humour to consider national, social, sex and economic problems, whereas Miss Klickmann's heart—apart from humour—is all with Nature. The comparison which has been drawn means no more than that, just as the surface of the different rivers of which either author writes, rises into ripples, so humour ripples merrily in the pages alike of Miss Klickmann and of Mr. Jerome. The former's charlady, Mrs. Poddles, bids fair to become as oft-quoted a type as the latter's Uncle Podger.

> "'I can't say that I'm exactly ill,' said Mrs. Poddles, 'and I don't *suffer* nothing, but I feel I *could* be ill, very easy if I tried.' I assured her that quite a lot of us felt like that. But she was not to be comforted. No matter what one wanted done, her feeble health invariably intervened. She couldn't carry trays as she was weak in the arms; she couldn't go up and down stairs, as she was weak in her legs; she couldn't eat dripping or margarine as she was weak in the stomach; she couldn't do scrubbing as she was weak in her back; the only thing she did not lay claim to was being weak in the head, but before many hours of her society I was—so it squared things."

This brief extract gives only the smallest idea of the good charlady as drawn by Miss Klickmann. Not by scant quotations but by reading the book is the comicality of the character-study to be enjoyed. Thus far, no more than mention has been made of the memorable and beautiful nature pictures which many readers of "The Trail of the Ragged Robin" will count as its chief joy and charm. In nature-records, nature-observation, and nature-revelations, Miss Klickmann not only excels and delights, but succeeds by her pictures in delighting every nature-loving reader.

In a military sense, Miss Klickmann's place in authorship may be defined as that of a "liaison officer" between the two corps of the novelists and the naturalists. She is something of a novelist, more of a naturalist, and a humorist nearly all the time. One character in her book reminds me of a lodging-house keeper who had his own way of "putting things." A friend of mine came down one Saturday morning to spend a week-end at the lodging-house in question. I called upon him on Saturday afternoon, and while I was there a telegram came to say that his son had been killed. While my friend was upstairs packing his bag to return to town by the next train, the lodging-house keeper turned to me and remarked tragically: "There you are, sir—*spoilt 'is 'oliday!*" Miss Klickmann's holiday in her hill-side cottage was practically

* "The Trail of the Ragged Robin." By Flora Klickmann. 7s. net. (R.T.S.)

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spoilt for her by an uninvited guest named Bella Bellairs, but in this case there was fortunately no tragedy. As recorded in "The Trail of the Ragged Robin" the incident is turned into the drollest of comedies. Like Sir F. C. Gould who once said: "What cannot be endured, must be caricatured," Miss Klickmann's philosophy of life may be summed up as: "To those with an enduring sense of humour, nothing is unendurable, except that in which no humour endures." As the fabled philosopher's stone turned lead to gold, so, by the alchemy of her happy and whimsical humour, Miss Klickmann's worst ills are transformed into pure joys for herself and her readers.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

A GREAT COLLECTOR.*

Collectors as a rule are rather unfriendly people, except when they happen to meet one who "collects" in the same "line"; and then, unless jealousy intervenes, they become sociable, even enthusiastic. This is of course a mere generalisation, and it befits us to leave a loophole, to insert a saving clause relative to the many collectors we have known who have walked and talked with us and kept their affliction—or their pride—to themselves. Dr. Williamson is one who loves to share his treasures and his knowledge with others; to conceive him as selfish or unsocially minded after reading this book is impossible. He has a wide outlook, and his themes vary from notes on Ouida and Swinburne to the origin and growth of *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*; but he never fails in creating lively interest, and all that he has to say is worth saying. If such praise could be given to every book the critic's task would be pleasant indeed.

The three short essays on Ouida, George Gissing and Swinburne come under the category of personal experiences. Dr. Williamson, being in the neighbourhood of Sant' Alessio, had been asked by Ouida's London publishers to call and arrange terms concerning the issue of a new book, correspondence having failed. "I was received," he writes, "by a little, excitable old lady, dressed in greyish-white silk, and standing upon a large white bearskin":

> "Her skirt was cut short, so as to reveal her exceedingly small feet, of which I had already been told she was inordinately vain. She wore silk stockings to match her dress, and pale blue satin shoes, and presented a striking appearance. . . . I stayed a long time with her, and we talked well into the evening, till it was time for me to return to my carriage, drive back to Lucca, and home to Florence, and it was exceedingly late before I reached the latter place. I had one of the most interesting conversations that I ever had in my life; it was uninterrupted, and I really was unconscious of the passing of time. . . ."

And the famous writer never offered him even a cup of tea! For this she apologised afterwards handsomely, professing herself "shocked." In subsequent letters to her interviewer she constantly referred to her one great hobby, dogs; "If I were to come over to England," she wrote, "I should shoot Walter Long. I so hate him." She was a difficult person to deal with, and the author's memories give an excellent glimpse of her at her own home, revealing her quite intimately.

The brief chapter on Gissing is in praise and memory of a friend; there is more to be said about that on Swinburne, whose family the author knew well. Of the poet he says:

> "He used to come fluttering in, quivering like a great butterfly, and moving with that extraordinary dancing movement that was so characteristic of him. Suddenly, and with much elaborate ceremony, he would bow, and then, as a rule, relapse into silence. . . . He was always, to me, a mysterious and unapproachable being, and even from his sisters, in later years, by reason of his deafness, he was very much apart."

We have given a prominent place to these literary essays; but the greater portion of Dr. Williamson's book is concerned with his quite delightful collection of books and papers and miniatures. "The First One-Man Picture Show in London"; "John Locke's Pocket Book"; "Old Quaker Watchmakers"; "Some American Book Clubs"—such are some of the titles which lure the reader, and the matter contained in them does not disappoint anticipated enjoyment. Many, we imagine, will envy the opportunities which the author has had of handling works of rare art; for instance, mentioning the collection of watches in the Guildhall, he alludes to the Hermitage collection of the Empress Catherine at Petrograd—"the best examples in existence of the craft of the greatest horologers both of France and England. I have had them all in my hands," says Dr. Williamson, "and examined them closely. I wonder where they now are?"

One fascinating chapter deals with the publications of "Ye Sette of Odd Volumes." "I have been collecting these dainty little volumes for a long time," says the author, "and I think I am nearer to perfection in my series of Odd Volumes than any other member of Ye Sette can claim to be; and yet one can never tell." It is part of the charm of the born collector that he glories in incompleteness as well as in the fullness of his store; he never knows what may turn up in some unexpected corner to give him one of the thrills of his life. And for the story of a sensational "find" we must refer our readers to the capital account of "How a Book was Lost and Found," which tells how the author came into possession of a volume that cannot be bought and is never issued to the public. Few collectors have been so fortunate as Dr. Williamson; and few can love their rarities more or write about them so interestingly.

W. L. R.

* "Behind My Library Door." By Dr. G. C. Williamson. 10s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

AN ENGLISHMAN ABROAD*

Lord Frederic Hamilton is a man who has met every one, been everywhere, and knows all the stories. This in itself is much, but what is more from the standpoint of the reader is that he has the gift of narrative and description, as, indeed, he has already shown in his earlier books, "The Days before Yesterday" and "The Vanished Pomps of Yesterday." Lord Frederic Hamilton's new work, "Here, There, and Everywhere," is, as he tells us in a brief Foreword, less a book of reminiscences than a recapitulation of various personal experiences in many lands, some of which may be viewed from unaccustomed angles. We wander with the author all over the globe, to Java, to Colombo, to little-known Macao, down the Volga to Southern Russia, through India, up the Canton River, to Colombo, Hong-Kong, Jamaica, and the Spanish Main, to mention only a tithe of the places of which mention is made. We are told of tarpon fishing in Colon Harbour, of a big-game shoot organised by the late Maharajah of Cooch Behar, and of sport of all kinds in all sorts of places.

Wherever Lord Frederic Hamilton has been he has noted something that others have not noted, and his book is full of most interesting information, of which an example may be given:

> "The inhabitants of Canton are, I believe, mostly Taoists by religion, but their lives are embittered by their constant struggles with the local devils. Most fortunately Chinese devils have their marked limitations; for instance, they cannot go round a corner, and most mercifully they suffer from constitutional timidity, and can be easily frightened away by firecrackers. . . . The Chinese, as a safeguard against their devils, have adopted the peculiar 'cocked hat' corner to their roofs, which we see reproduced in so much of Chippendale's work. It is obvious that, with an ordinary roof, any ill-disposed devil would summon some of his fellows, and they would fly up, get their shoulders under the corner of the eaves, and prise the roof off in no time, with the peculiar upward curve of the corners, the devils are unable to get sufficient leverage, and so retire discomforted. Most luckily, too, they detest the smell of

* "Here, There and Everywhere." By Lord Frederic Hamilton. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

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incense-sticks, and cannot abide the colour red, which is as distasteful to them as it is to a bull, but though it moves the latter to fury, it only inspires the devils with an abject terror. Accordingly, any prudent man can, by an abundant display of red silk streamers, and a plentiful burning of joss-sticks, keep his house practically free from these pests. A rich Chinaman who has built himself a new house, will at once erect a high wall immediately in front of it. It obstructs the light and keeps out the air, but owing to the inability of Chinese devils to go round corners, it renders the house as good as devil-proof."

Very amusing is the story of M. Bayol, a Frenchman resident at Pondicherry, who had been married five times. His first four wives were French, and not one of them had been able to survive in the unhealthy climate, so finally he married a native, "*ne pouvant vivre seul, j'ai tout bonnement épousé une indigène.*" Later, M. Bayol said to Lord Frederic Hamilton:

"'We have become friends on the voyage; I will now show you the room which enshrines my most sacred memories,' and drawing a key from his pocket, he unlocked a door, admitting me to a very large room perfectly bare and empty except for four stripped bedsteads standing in the centre. 'These, mon ami, are the beds on which my four French wives breathed their last, and this room is very dear to me in consequence,' he said, and burst into tears."

It is a constant reproach made by foreigners that the Briton is an insular person. Books such as "Here, There, and Everywhere" are a perpetual negation of such a charge. It is, of course, not to be contended that Lord Frederic Hamilton is a typical Briton as regards his wanderings, for he has had special advantages—the son of a duke, a member of the Diplomatic Service, the editor of a magazine which under his guidance became famous. But in this book there is everywhere proof that the insularity of the Briton exists only in the minds of those who know him not. He is probably, taken as a race, the most cosmopolitan of any. In any club smoking-room the conversation shows this, as does the daily correspondence in *The Times*. Something is said, say, of the harbour at Rio; at once some one will speak of the harbour at Naples, another of that at Hobart, and so on. Lord Frederic Hamilton gave a dinner-party at his hotel at Bermuda to eleven people, all officers or wives of officers.

"The conversation turned on birthplaces, and the answers given were so curious that I wrote them all down," he writes. "Not only were all my guests soldiers and soldiers' wives, but they were nearly all the sons and daughters of soldiers as well. One major had been born at Cape Town; his very comely wife in Barbados. The other major had been born at Meerut in India, his wife at Quebec, and her unmarried sister in Mauritius; and so it was with all of them. Of those twelve people of pure British blood, I was the only one who had been born in England or in Europe; even the subaltern had been born in Hong-Kong. I do not think that stay-at-homes quite realise the existence of this little world of people journeying from end to end of the earth in the course of their duty, and taking it all as a matter of course."

"Here, There, and Everywhere" is a most interesting, informative, and often amusing volume, written by a man of culture with wide experience and knowledge.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

MR. MAUGHAM ON THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.*

In his latest work of fiction—a collection of seven tales to which he gives the general title of "The Trembling of a Leaf"—Mr. Maugham again takes Polynesia for his scene and the mating of white men with native women for his subject. But whereas in "The Moon and Sixpence"—a novel founded obviously on the career of Gauguin, the French painter—the withdrawal of the white man from the society of his own race was self-imposed and eremitical, in these "little stories of the South Sea Islands" it constitutes an ostracism—an ostracism made all the more intolerable by the consequent enforced association of the outlaw with his wife's native or half-caste relations, and rendered definitive by his inevitable resort to the solace of drink. According to Mr. Maugham the attraction of the South Seas for the European or American consists in the triple lure of delectable climate, beautiful scenery and lovely and exotic women. So long, then, as a white man is coarse in grain, deficient in imagination, steady of nerve and irresponsive to nostalgia, he can lead a comfortable life, more particularly if, like the gross Administrator in "Mackintosh" and the sailors in "Red" and "Honolulu," he is promiscuous and fickle in his love-making. But if he be fine in mental and temperamental make-up, his manhood gets sapped and he goes to pieces. Either he becomes a lotus-eater, an outcast from his race, a white native, as in the case of "Edward Barnard." Or, like the victim of "The Pool," he drugs with drink and terminates by suicide a life made horrible by the knowledge of his wife's furtive infidelities and by the consciousness that his children are black and prattle in their mother's native tongue. If, however, imitating the Swede in "Red" (who, by the way, has certain affinities with Mr. Conrad's hero in "Victory") he remains the captain of his soul and retains his interest in books, music and the arts, he is none the less solitary and incomplete. For he has no one to have a "crack" with about such subjects; while his once pretty wife has grown old at an age at which most European women are in their prime. But even if a white man, living in Samoa or Tahiti, keeps clear of all entanglements with native women, he is still not immune from the enmity of fate. If he be a sub-administrator, like "Mackintosh," he is as likely as not to hate his chief, whose joviality, obesity, obscenity and bullying get on his nerves. In which case he connives at his assassination by a native and then blows out his own brains. If he be a missionary, *vide* "Rain," he endeavours, with supreme evangelistic fervour, to convert from the error of her ways a white prostitute, a straggler from Iwelei, the Red Light district of Honolulu. But instead of converting his seeming proselyte—whom, with true New England ferocity, he intends to deport to a San Francisco penitentiary—he succumbs to her wiles one evening and the next day cuts his throat. Such is the picture which Mr. Maugham paints of the White Man's burden in the South Seas, a picture as savage and as gripping as some of the paintings of Goya. But why he should choose as a motto for the picture the following remarkable *pensée* from Sainte-Beuve—"L'extrême félicité à peine séparée par une feuille tremblante de l'extrême désespoir, n'est-ce pas la vie?"—I cannot quite make out; for the only person in these tales whose existence oscillates between extreme happiness and absolute despair is Lawson, the dipsomaniac who ends his life in "The Pool" in which he had first met his wife. Moreover, I cannot think that the author has made "Rain" quite the successful tale it might have been. This story of respectable passengers held up in a little village and forced into a reluctant intimacy with a prostitute who eventually is compelled to grant her favours to a man she hates is of course a variant on the theme of "Boule-de-suif," and a most ingenious and powerful variant. But De Maupassant's *conte* is pathetic for all its irony; whereas Mr. Maugham's, cleverly as it catches the suspense and irritation of the detained respectables, is somewhat inhuman in its depiction of the missionary and the prostitute, both of whom seem a little too ferocious to be true to type. Indeed the Rev. Mr. Davidson, as an example of the parson in whom the spirit is continually warring with the flesh, is rather melodramatic, reminding me of the erring clerics whom Mr. Henry Arthur Jones used to depict. Surely even the starkest of New England clergymen would draw the line at spending whole nights in the bedroom of a prostitute, in the effort to reclaim her? The Puritan, whether English or American, is not exactly a fool; whereas such "hypocrisy against the Devil" as Mr. Davidson was guilty of is obviously the crassest folly, sheer asking for trouble.

LEWIS BETTANY.

* "The Trembling of a Leaf." Little stories of the South Sea Islands. By W. Somerset Maugham. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

XUM

POLITICS AND PASSION IN PARIS.*

What is there to say about the writing of M. Anatole France that has not been said a hundred times before? There is after all only one word that conveys the pervading *motif* of everything he writes: it is the word "Sympathy." Monsieur Bergeret, the dearest of quaint, philosophising professors, is a typical "France" character. Of course the book is not really about M. Bergeret at all. It might just as well have been called "The Affair" (for *L'Affaire Dreyfus* throws its shadow heavily over it) or "A Somewhat Satirical but Wholly Delightful Exposure of Political Methods and Human Weakness," or something equally brief and entertaining! The name does not matter a bit, but the book matters tremendously. It is full of good things, which we can only mention disconnectedly. For instance, says M. Bergeret:

"Why complain that the greatest culprits evade the law and retain their despicable honours? That doesn't matter . . . under the present social system, any more that it mattered, in the days of the earth's infancy, when the great saurians of the primeval oceans were disappearing to make way for creatures more beautiful and of happier instincts, that there still remained stranded, on the slime of the beaches, a few monstrous survivors of a doomed race."

And again, concluding an eloquent exposition of his ideal republic:

"The timid man fears, as he would a future cataclysm, a change which began before he was born, which is going on before his unconscious eyes, and which will become noticeable only in a century's time."

Sketched by M. France's pen, the characters are not merely intriguing politicians and blatant agitators; they present themselves as living men and women—ambitious, modest, unscrupulous, shameless, noble, according to their dispositions. Intrigues of passion are interwoven with political plots. The beautiful Clotilde discusses elections almost literally in the arms of a lover; the young Lacrisse assaults equally the virtue and the purse of his adoring Baroness. At one moment a duchess holds the stage; at another a working carpenter explains to M. Bergeret that

"Socialism, which stands for truth, should also stand for justice and kindliness, that everything just and kindly must come from it as naturally as the apple comes from the apple-tree."

For the rest, the only words one reads with regret are those on page 286—"The End."

F. D. G.

IRISH POETS OF TO-DAY.†

It is difficult to think that Miss Walters' anthology can supply any considerable demand. There is nothing in it which will cause any admirers of Irish poetry to prefer it to Mr. Gregory's far fuller collection which appeared just before the war; and Miss Walters' selection, meagre though it is, does not show any particular signs of a rare or difficult taste. All one can hope is that this little book falls into the hands of some readers who are still unacquainted with Irish contemporary poetry. If it does, they will get a very fair introduction to the best of A. E. and of Mr. Yeats and to the minor poetry of their followers. Miss Talbot includes some dead poets, including some as remote as Lionel Johnson; it is the odder that she should not have any verse of Emily Lawless; while among living poets the omission of Mrs. Lynd is inexcusable, and Miss Mitchell should certainly have more than one poem in an anthology which gives four specimens of Miss Letts' verses for recitation. Vincent O'Sullivan, too, has claims to be included, and it is ridiculous to have nothing by any of the Graves—A. P., C. L. or the younger Robert. Apart from the two great names of George Russell and William Yeats, the best poets are undoubtedly Padraic Colum and James Stephens. To end with a note of praise is pleasant, and we are glad that we can congratulate Miss Walters on giving ample space to the whimsical, individual talent of Mr. Stephens. If he were English, and lived within the call of coteries, he would long ago have been acknowledged as the little master he is.

R. E. R.

* "Monsieur Bergeret in Paris." By Anatole France. 7s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

† "Irish Poets of To-Day." By L. D.'O. Walters. 8s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

ESSAYS IN THE OLDEN STYLE.*

This is the eleventh volume of Mr. Paul Elmer More's "Shelburne Essays," a series I have often heard of, but, till now, have never actually known. Reader, mock me not! I know I ought to have read these volumes. I know that everybody else has read them; but consider, in your turn, all the books you are assumed to have read, and haven't. At least I can say that, having read the eleventh volume of Mr. More, I am heartily ready, and even resolved, to read the precedent ten.

America is a dear old country. It clings to all the old institutions, even to the essay in criticism. In our own vigorous go-ahead land we have shed all that sort of thing. We rattle up the old reputations in a weekly "middle," and, intimating in brief asides that Milton is a scream, Wordsworth a guy, Bach a bore and Beethoven a bogey, proceed to laud the works of Snook for the dynamic immanence of their rhythmic incertitudes. America, in its courtly leisure, prefers the older fashion; and here we have Mr. Paul Elmer More calmly handing out eleven volumes of quiet constructive criticism, wide in range, comprehensive in learning and entirely free from hysteria, gyration, perversity, and other admired modern virtues. It couldn't be done on this side!

The first essay in the present volume deals with a subject new to most readers in Old England, namely, the early poetry of New England. This seems to me a model paper of its kind. It does just what the thirty-page essay should do; it brings a diffuse and uncouth subject within the limits of genuine interest and stimulating information. No one is required to know a great deal about the literary aspirations of seventeenth century enthusiasts inhabiting primitive settlements on the Atlantic coast, but we are all the better for knowing as much as Mr. More tells us, especially as he calls our attention to the positive qualities, as well as to the deficiencies, of the originating Puritanism.

From poetry the author passes to the great and terrible prose figure of Jonathan Edwards, apostle of hell-fire, whose treatise on free-will and necessity Hazlitt (son of a Unitarian exile) declares to be written with more power of logic and more spirit of philosophy than any other metaphysical work in the language. Emerson, Charles Eliot Norton and Henry Adams have interesting essays to themselves and then Mr. More turns to our side of the Atlantic, and, ignoring the George Borrow promised us on the outside wrapper, discusses Samuel Butler, Lord Morley, and the ancient and modern dons of Oxford. Upon the prophet Samuel his hand is rather heavy; and young men who have dated the beginning of literature from "The Way of all Flesh" may therefore be cross at finding Mr. More pronouncing it "bitter, malignant, base, dishonourable and dishonest" even while he calls it "a powerful book, even a great book in a way." I think Mr. More's view is very sane. People should not try to make a philosopher out of an eccentric who had no philosophy. Butler was a male spinster, full of odd and whimsical ideas, some of which were piercingly true, and some merely silly. As usual with eccentrics he was most attached to some of the silliest. Young people think they are being like Butler if they throw mud at old reputations; it might be well if they tried to be like Butler in knowing how to write.

Our essayist is curiously hostile to Lord Morley and his "Recollections." I confess I find those celebrated volumes almost too good to be true—a little too composed, too sedulously serene, and lacking in human impulse and frailty. But Mr. More's charge is different. He finds a fundamental insincerity in Lord Morley, as shown in his acceptance of Oxford's traditional culture and his rejection of Oxford's traditional religion, in his hostility to the House of Lords and his being a member of that House, in his praise both of Burke and of Rousseau, in his calm enjoyment of English aristocratic elegance and his political doctrines inimical to aristocratic elegance. I think Mr. More is a little too exigent and detached in his virtue.

* "A New England Group and Others." By Paul Elmer More. 12s. net. (Constable.)

XUM

We do not, in fact, live at extremes. There is no inconsistency in a philosophical Radical's practical enjoyment of the country house that the philosophical extremity of his Radicalism might theoretically tend to destroy. One is a fact and the other a logical extreme. It is the old dilemma about liberty over again. I believe wholeheartedly in political liberty, although political liberty may come to mean the tyranny of a majority that will deny me liberty. Mr. More's countrymen believe that we are all born free; but they won't allow anybody freedom to drink a glass of wine and, in some states, not even freedom to smoke a cigarette. Personally I think their prohibitions fundamentally wrong, though I think the liberty that leaves them free to prohibit fundamentally right.

Mr. More himself is certainly sincere, and his essays have just the quality that is lacking in the present world—they have character. He writes with ease and a touch of distinction. He has, moreover, his own philosophy of the universe, which he intimates clearly without forcing it into prominence. I must certainly get those other ten volumes.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

Novel Notes.

MR. PIM. By A. A. Milne. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

When we saw the play on which this novel has been framed we could not help wondering if Mr. Milne had taken his idea, or the germ of it, from Browning's "Pippa," and perhaps the very sound of Pim encourages the guess. Where the original touch comes in is to turn the poet's lesson in optimism into a whimsical chance interference where the interloper in the action is an eccentric and chatty old oddity, and there is no possible opening for resentment. But with the true instinct of an artist, Mr. Milne knew that it was of no use turning an old gentleman loose into a nest of young people and disturbing things generally without bringing him in at the end. Too many of our playwrights invent characters, just as cooks take down kitchen saucepans—with hardly a care as to what is to become of these humble and helpless instruments afterwards. We venture to think there was hardly a visitor to the theatre while this play was on who failed to listen, by a sort of premonition, for the final touch of unexpectedness or who failed to enjoy it at the close. We have all laughed aforetime at the French peasant who was unable to direct the inquiring passer-by, and then, after disappearing with apologies, came running to overtake the traveller and apologise because his brother was as uninformed as himself. That is Mr. Pim all over. We shall desire his better acquaintance, or certainly with his kind, and Mr. Milne will not find fault with us for taking casual aspects and touches of his main character, when he has been at such pains to remind us in the preface here how the dramatist must "know all about anybody who steps into his play before he can show the least little angle of the character correctly to his audience." In other words, there is no "still life" on the stage, no hit-or-miss, no improvisation, and this is one of its secrets that a fine artist like Mr. Milne has fathomed with benefit to his audience and success for himself—not to mention the entertainment of the reader now that he has turned his play into a most diverting novel.

MARTIN CONISBY'S VENGEANCE. By Jeffery Farnol. 7s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)

Mr. Jeffery Farnol has more than justified the expectations formed of him when it was announced that he was forsaking the leafy woods and russet-roofed hamlets of Kent for the high seas of adventure and the stirring days of the Spanish Main. That particular region has certainly had its share of stirring, and some of our venturesome novelists have put it in a state of ferment without bringing any new flavour or relish out of it, still less the real authentic wine of romance. But Mr. Farnol has several qualities which the bulk of his rivals lack—invention and resource in the way of action, a true instinct for the popular heroic, a rich vocabulary, and force and colour in the way of dialogue. In "Black Bartlemy's Treasure" it was impossible to deny that he was following to a certain extent in the wake of "The Gold Bug" and "Treasure Island," and the bloodthirsty revenge he laid upon his hero grew somewhat monotonous before the end, as indeed it does even in "Hamlet." But in the present sequel he registers a decided improvement, and the same hero rises to the full proportions of idealism by renouncing his vengeance after all, chiefly through pity for his intended victim. As a matter of fact there was a probability of this from the first when we learned that the hated and intolerable Sir Richard Brandon was the father of Martin's goddess Joan, and no romancer yet ever allowed a prospective son-in-law to slay his sweetheart's relatives unless he was devising an unhappy ending, as in "Maud." Accordingly we are prepared to find that when Martin, after dark and troublous and chequered experiences, lights upon the long-sought Sir Richard in the torture cells of the Inquisition, vengeance gives place to pity, and Sir Richard perishes by other causes, leaving his blessing on the pair of parted lovers. But if there is no surprise in this there is any amount throughout the book, and some of the author's contrivings in this line rise far above the ordinary level of arbitrary misdirection and cross-purposes. It is a story which progresses at a tremendous pace through a succession of real adventures, and the interest is sustained from the gloomy start to the triumphant finish.

THE HEART OF THE DESERT. By Honoré Willsie. 8s. net. (Thornton Butterworth.)

The interest of this novel centres upon racial antagonism—the innate distaste of the white for the idea of marriage into a coloured people. Cartwell, or "Kut-le," was a North American Indian, a college man, able to hold his own in a modern drawing-room; but he "reverted" to the extent of abducting by force the white woman he loved, and the story tells of the pursuit of this Apache by the furious white people whom he had thus outraged. The Indian had a sense of honour, and by sheer knowledge of the desert ways and skill on the trail he outwitted his former friends time after time. Meanwhile, after a period of intense suffering, Rhoda, the girl he had captured, regained her health through the strenuous open-air life; and her gradual change in outlook, her slow realisation that her captor had a character not to be despised, is cleverly indicated. The finish is the discomfiture of the white fiancé, and a wedding, with all on friendly terms; whether happiness could be the ultimate result is not at all certain. But that point does not enter into the scheme of the book, although it is not evaded entirely; and if the reader feels a sense of dissatisfaction at the idea of the victory of the savage who has at best a thin veneer of Western education, it is not strong enough to spoil his interest in a well-written novel of stirring scenes and momentous adventures.

Miss Honoré Willsie.

THE MAN FROM TURKEY. By G. B. Burgin. 8s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

We rather wish that Mr. Burgin had given us more of Turkey when planning this novel, for the first chapters are

so full of action that, when the scene is transferred to the village of Little Hockleigh, and normal life is presented, we miss the excitement. The two men who return, barely with their lives, from running a copper mine in Turkey, are Panmore and Dicky Spenser, his secretary. The latter goes to his old friends in Little Hockleigh, the Delvines, a family of three, the third being a beautiful daughter. He possesses £50 a year, and they, though credited with riches, have little besides enormous debts. They are the centre of an interesting group of people, whose ways and characters are described with Mr. Burgin's familiar light and amusing touch. Of course Dicky falls in love, and when Panmore comes to set things right at a moment of tragic crisis, he also loses his heart. Pildick, "a perambulating beer-barrel," his enormous wife, who literally sits on her husband as a punishment for being drunk, and Mr. Rivers, the would-be village magnate, provide the comic element to a story which is in Mr. Burgin's usual optimistic and cheerful vein.

WANDERING FIRES. By Dolf Wyllarde. 8s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett.)

All cinema aspirants should read this novel—as well as those many admirers of Miss Dolf Wyllarde's work who *will* read it without being advised to. It gives a shrewd insight into cinema life behind the screen, the sweet and the bitter of it; the hardships of the novice and the supers, the triumphs of the successful, in a manner characteristically free and buoyant, yet with touches of that stark realism always to be found in Miss Wyllarde's books. The studio and the ever-shifting scenes of the movies form a fresh and attractive background to the experiences of Mary Trefusis who, thrown upon her own resources, decides to take up film-acting as a profession. She has beauty and charm to aid her, a radiant personality and a reckless impetuosity which make her a very fascinating, if not altogether convincing heroine. Her flirtations, her daring, her zest for adventure, keep the reader on tenterhooks, wondering what she will do next. It is not surprising that she should not come out of the dazzling carnival of life unscathed; for, as Eddie Thorne says, she is bound to follow wandering fires—and wandering fires too often lead to disillusion and heartache. It is an excellent story throughout, even though severe critics may protest that on some points it falls short of the high standard we have grown to expect from the writer—a story of intense lights and shades, of vivid characterisation, swift action, powerful emotion, and withal of kindly humour and large-hearted sympathy.

THE OLD HOUSE. By Cécile Tormay. Translated by E. Torday. 8s. 6d. (Philip Allan.)

"The Old House" is a novel dealing with life in Pest from about 1830 to 1870. It traces the flourishing of a great building business under its founder, and its decadence and bankruptcy in the hands of his incapable son and pleasure-loving grandson. A number of small, intimate touches give the story a certain distinction, and there is something pleasantly ironic in the conversion into an Hungarian hero and martyr of a fond old granduncle who is shot dead one night by an Austrian bullet while signalling to his grandniece. But the tones in which Cécile Tormay composes her work are so low and the characters are so static that the present reviewer is bound to confess that he found "The Old House" rather dull. There should be pathos in the situation of the granddaughter fervently attached to the old house and married to an Hungarian magnate whose whole aim is to transplant her to his own domain in the country. Yet somehow or other the whole thing leaves you cold. All the dramatis personæ, except possibly the Master Builder, about whom after all you get to know very little, seem so very tepid and undervitalised. You cannot help thinking what Louis Couperus would have made out of so very promising a theme. Every page would have been alive with interest; every little incident and character would have gripped.

THE MAN FROM THE WILDS. By Harold Bindloss. 7s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

Those who know their Harold Bindloss will anticipate the plot of "The Man from the Wilds"—a cumbered, badly managed estate in the Dales of Yorkshire with a mine which has not been worked so much as messed about. John Wreay, born in Canada, finds with mingled feelings that he has been appointed trustee. He returns to England and quickly realises that an education in the rustling of his own grub and the hustling of lumberjacks has not put him wise as to the best way of dealing with a high-spirited ward who has previously decided that she is not part of the property to be managed by the trustee. Harold Bindloss knows his Yorkshire and Cumberland and the men that are raised there, and no less the fierce face of Nature way up by the Barrens and the demand she makes on soul and body. He has given us a stimulating tale of a man fighting not for position but for possession of himself and the girl he loves.

A MAN FOUR-SQUARE. By William Macleod Raine. 7s. 6d. net. (Jarrolds.)

Whether the "Man" of the title was Billie Prince, the cow-puncher who took the right turning and became sheriff, or his great friend Jim Clanton, who took the wrong turning and earned fame as a "killer," is not quite clear; the point, however, is not important. What matters is that we have a first-class novel of the genuine Wild West order, packed with hair-raising adventures and narrow escapes, and with a spice of real love to keep the balance fair. Not by any means would we convey the impression that this is a machine-made yarn; for even though it may follow the familiar lines no reader who begins it will easily set it down, and there are some good character-studies in it. Jim Clanton was a youngster with plenty of the right stuff in him, but his training was wrong to begin with, and he nursed a vendetta against the betrayer of his sister, so there was every likelihood that he would gradually acquire a morbid outlook and come to grief. There are some exceedingly tense situations between him and his enemies, and pages of dialogue that set the reader on edge to know what is going to happen when the shooting begins. Mr. Raine's book is worthy of inclusion among the best of the Wild West class.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR. By Leonid Andreieff. 3s. 6d. (Daniel.)

AND IT CAME TO PASS THAT THE KING WAS DEAD. By Leonid Andreieff. 2s. 6d. (Daniel.)

Leonid Andreieff is held in high esteem in Russia for the power of his prose. It seems a pity that Russian fiction as a whole is a procession of gloom. Andreieff displays not a gleam of light in "His Excellency the Governor," nor "And It Came to Pass That the King Was Dead." They are written under the direct influence of Tolstoy, but have none of Tolstoy's gentleness. Peter Iljitch, the Governor of an obscure Russian town, is a harmless, fussy old man who in an evil moment of irritation gives an order to the military which results in the killing of many men, women and children. The rest of his short time on earth is spent in a stupefied remorse for what he has done; and he finds a welcome relief from his travails in his own assassination. Conditions in the town remain precisely as they were before, with the exception that a younger and more active governor comes along. The atmosphere of this little novel is like that of Tartarus, though there is dignity in the writing. "And It Came to Pass That the King Was Dead" tells of a revolution and the beheading of a king, narrated with tremendous force expressed in simple language. The scene of the execution is a simplification of Carlyle, a wonderful passage describing the guillotining of Louis XVI: "With sudden crash the drum-beat ceased. The tiny figure raised its little hand, let it fall, raised it again. Surely he speaks, but no sound comes. What is he saying? The drums roll out, tearing the air in a thousand quivering tatters, making it impossible to hear. . . . Something moves on the scaffold. The little figure has

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disappeared. They are beheading it." The purpose of the narrative is revealed in a couple of sentences: "Authority must die!" says a regicide. "Slavery must be done to death," says a philosopher. There is no authority, there are only slaves. There is a great spiritual truth in that last sentence of Andreieff's.

THE LAW OF THE FOUR JUST MEN. By Edgar Wallace. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton,)

As readers of Mr. Wallace's previous book, "The Four Just Men," will know, the papers described them as an organisation of four exceedingly rich men pledged to mete out justice to criminals whom the law failed to punish. This may pass, withal the organisation was more of a happy comradeship between men who followed their own individual methods of tracking the prey, and had their own grimly humorous ideas of poetic justice for those whom the law failed to have or to hold. We shall surely have yet more accounts of their exploits, for there is no lack of criminals of the type they love to hunt, and there will always be a public for a writer like Mr. Wallace who carries us along with a heartening swing from incident to incident until we reach the climax—with never an anti-climax. His style, with its crisp, straightforward sentences void of all irrelevance of thought or suggestion, is admirably adapted to the work in hand. The reader enters with keen zest into the spirit of the game, but—if ever I break the law I am going to give myself up to the police without delay lest worse befall me.

CONFLICT. By Henrietta Leslie. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

The conflict which is the theme of this well conceived and well written novel is that waged in the spirit of Philip Basing between his ideals and his desires. A poor boy, the son of a socialist mother who is devoted to "the Cause," he too, becomes a socialist, and in time a leader of Labour. Sent into Parliament, he develops as a speaker and gathers weight in the House and in his own party until he can legitimately look forward to becoming the leader of the Labour party in the Commons. But he has a fatal sense of beauty, the beauty of life, and of material things, and forgetting his mother's word "beauty is service," he turns to external beauty. Falling in love with Monica Menzies, daughter of a pillar of one of the opposing parties in the House, he allows her father to persuade him to secede from Labour as the necessary step to win consent to his marriage with Monica. Monica, however, will not countenance Philip's defection from what his soul tells him is right, and he loses her. Some years later he marries a wealthy, selfish, ultra-modern woman who is unfaithful to him. Tribulation teaches him the lesson that a man must be true to his own soul, and he leaves his luxurious home, gives up his seat, and goes out alone, free of possessions, to try to find himself once more. We are led to think that Monica, whose friendship comforts him in his last ordeal, may become once more central to his life, but a good deal is left somewhat vague, disappointingly so, for the book contains no little wisdom, and is written with a great deal of witty phrasing, and the author shows considerable dramatic and creative power.

The Bookman's Table.

THE OLD LADY SHOWS HER MEDALS. By J. M. Barrie. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

To the growing set of Barrie's wonderful dramatic inventions we have now to add the four short plays formerly published as "Echoes of the Great War." Besides the titular piece there are "The New Word," "Barbara's Wedding" and "A Well-Remembered Voice." In all of them the writer's uncanny dominion over our smiles and tears is quietly and irresistibly asserted. When contentious generals, admirals and ministers are all struggling to show what the real truth about the war is, the great and decisive part they played in it, what a pleasure it is to turn to the real heroes of the war at home—to indomitable, great-hearted old creatures like the charwoman who is the heroine of the first play! Barrie has now rightly removed the war-time reference from the title of his volume; but his four playlets still remain as a precious contribution to the real soul-story of the war.

LOVE AND UNLOVE. By Harold Child. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Those who are disciples of Edward Carpenter and adherents to the newer sexual morality, will welcome the publication in book form of the articles on love, friendship and marriage which Mr. Harold Child has recently contributed to the Woman's Supplement of *The Times*. The key-note of these papers is to be found in the introduction, where the author makes the very significant declaration: "I cannot see that the legal terms on which two people start living together matter nearly as much as the physical, moral and spiritual terms on which they go on living together." When you remember that "Love's Coming of Age" was published some twenty-five years ago you will realise how slow has been the penetration of the national consciousness by common-sense views of sexual and marital relations. In no other country in Europe would the recent address of Lord Dawson to the Church Congress have been regarded as anything but a statement of medical opinion long overdue. It would never have fluttered the dovecotes of Paris, of Berlin, of Vienna, or of Brussels, but have been recognised as a belated appreciation of incontestable truths. Those who regard our isolation from the main tide of European thought on sexual matters as a loss and not as a gain will find matter for much pondering in Mr. Child's charming and sensitive essays.

MAN: THE LORD OF CREATION. By Low. (Putnams.)

In one sense Low, the *Star* cartoonist, surpasses Shakespeare: he is not only famous enough to do without a Christian name, but the man in the street does not even know what it is or whether he ever had one. On the title page of his new book, "Man: The Lord of Creation," he is simply Low once again, and in the series of drawings that follow the title page he is again the Low whose every-evening drolleries have added so much to the gaiety of a nation that at present has not too much to laugh about. You glance through the pictures once, and are tickled by their broad fun; you go over them a second time, and become aware of a certain caustic touch in them, of an underlying homily, and one that is abruptly and forcibly driven home by the coffin on the last page, which is labelled "The End." The sketches are clever, grotesque, too farcical for anything but laughter, and that is precisely

"Low"

Author of "Man: The Lord of Creation" (Putnams). What he is like and what he is not like. Drawn by himself.

what man himself is as lord of creation, when Low strips the gilt off the situation, and jestingly shows you the bare meaning of it. There is wisdom in Low's wit, and more truth in his blithe absurdities than in most of the teachings of more solemn philosophers.

THE FURROWED EARTH. By Gertrude Bone. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

"The Furrowed Earth," unlike most modern books of verse, has a definite subject and purpose. Gertrude Bone may not be a great poetess, but if she maintains through life as definite a purpose as she has through this book there is no particular reason why she should not become one. She has not a very quick perception of beauty, yet, to her, loveliness wears rather the face of an old familiar friend, like the furrowed earth of which she writes. Often her verse is rough and bare:

> "What spuming sea
> Sent forth those bitter arrowflights of rain,"—

and she is somewhat lacking in the lyric sense. But in understanding of metre, its beats, its dignities, its hidden repetitions, Gertrude Bone stands far above the ordinary level of verse writers. Excellent in this respect is:

> "If I saw a child's face raised to the element,
> Searching the moon;
> Scanning her seas of tranquility, rainbows and reverie."

As a personal choice one selects "Love" as the best poem in the book, wondering how many readers will agree. Incidentally the illustrations by Stephen Bone are delightful.

LAST STUDIES IN CRIMINOLOGY. By H. B. Irving. 15s. net. (Collins.)

These final studies by the late H. B. Irving are in his best manner; but they tell stories that almost make us despair of mankind. They all describe miscarriages of justice and the sufferings of innocent men. France provides three—the cases of Lesurques, La Roncière and Peter Vaux; and, to check any assumption of insular superiority, we have also the English case of Beck. Lesurques suffered in the eighteenth century, La Roncière and Vaux in the first half of the nineteenth. Beck's sentences were passed in 1898 and 1904. The story is almost incredible. Here we have a man twice identified with another person to whom he bore no resemblance. One of the men was a circumcised Jew, and the other was not; but though the real culprit's circumcision was duly recorded in the prison records, the uncircumcised man was called by the other's name, and treated as the same person with the same record! What seems so terrible in all Mr. Irving's stories is not the honest mistake that may cost an innocent man his life, but the almost eager pleasure with which witnesses will come forward and lightly swear away innocent lives and characters with the virtuous air of persons performing valuable public service. A reading of these terrible stories is not only enthralling but instructive. It may help to make us think a little less of law and a little more of mercy. The tendency of men to make themselves judges over their fellows is one we must study to suppress. Not every man is called to the state and office of Rhadamanthus; but most of us behave as if we were.

TURNS OF FORTUNE. By Robert Holmes. 7s. 6d. (Blackwood.)

Mr. Holmes has seen life as a police missionary, and his tales continue to be fresh. There is something singularly attractive in his stories of men and women rescued from unpromising surroundings, and sometimes making good. He does not set himself to write tracts. He is too wise for that. He tells us tales of life, and if he moralises a little, it is sensible moralising. He has to help lame dogs over stiles. Some of them turn out curs, but that does not make him cynical. Some improve, but in telling their history he does not point the moral inartistically. These eight or nine sketches are both good stories and social documents. We like especially "Stevens and Son," "In Diamond Lane" and "At a Country Rectory."

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XUM

Music.

THREE MUSICAL INNOVATORS.

By A. Eaglefield Hull.

III Igor Stravinsky.

Photo by E. N. A. **M. Igor Stravinsky.**

THE idea of taking a side in the wordy conflict which has raged round the music of Stravinsky is very far from my mind. One party has lauded him to the skies; and in consequence he has suffered badly in the awful smash over the Debussy "In Memoriam" piece. A leader of the opposing party claims that he buried him effectually after the last performance of "Le Sacre du Printemps" at the Prince's Theatre. Let the critics write as long as they like (I wonder the editors don't stop them), and talk as loudly as they like (there is no help here, for the days of good manners are past and gone), the music of Stravinsky remains just where it was before (good music, like murder, will out), and this musical personality remains just as interesting, and not a whit more or less.

In the midst of a continuous hurly-burly of words, which is nearly always taken up with mere matters of opinion, it is curious how the few emerging things, accepted widely as matters of fact, are hopelessly wrong. One of these cherished delusions is that Stravinsky eschews all that has been written—harmony, form, accepted melody, etc.—and "starts afresh with Sound itself." But Stravinsky had to use some definite and acceptable scale system, just as Cesanne and Gauguin, great discoverers as they were, were compelled to use line and colour, like every other artist in the world. It was the musical "futurists" of the little but noisy Marinetti-Pratella group who used Sound in the concrete; but they never got past the stage of children playing with tea-trays.

A South Wales musician who gives hundreds of lecture-lessons for the Workers' Educational Association, told me some years ago that he had an old schoolmaster (an Oxford M.A.) in one of his course-classes, who said to him, after his explanation of scales, "But they don't write tunes on *scales*, do they?" Yes; they all have to do so: even Stravinsky.

We are curiously narrow-minded on the question of scales; and most people regard any series outside the major or minor modes as new. There are scores of wonderful scales, little used as yet, and hundreds of others which are sufficiently recognisable for use. It is a composer's business to make his scale clearly felt. Stravinsky (like Scriabin, Debussy, Scott, Goossens and others) uses the dodecuple (or duo-decimal) scale provided for him by the piano-keyboard. He may, or may not, imagine his chords on this system; but he gets them *played* through that system, in any case.

Another delusion about Stravinsky is that he is a composer of programme-music. It is a vague term, and Stravinsky uses it for refuting critics, in one sense, whilst his critics attach an altogether different meaning to it. The latter wrongly imagine that any music connected with a drama, or a ballet, or having a literary foundation is "programme-music." But programme-music as a creed began with Liszt, was continued by Strauss and ended with—shall we say Elgar's "Falstaff"? Programme-music depends upon some verbal description given in the concert programme-book in your hand, and it is based on the system of using *leit-motiven*, or representative themes invariably associated with a certain person, idea, or situation throughout the piece. Wagner applied it to opera, but Stravinsky uses it not at all. He saturates himself with a subject and writes—*music*. The musical tracts which Musorgsky only explored, were annexed and acquired by Stravinsky. Like Musorgsky he threw off the abstract theories of pattern, sequence, and figure development. He freed music from the extra-musical philosophy (Strauss, later Beethoven), poetry (Wagner, Wolf) and pictorial considerations (Schumann and the Romantics) which placed shackles on its wings, and he lets his Muse soar, push, investigate, sing, or even disgust, as the stimulus urges him. This, of course, is not to say that he uses no outside stimulus; but having obtained his incitement to musical creation, he either kicks away the preliminary scaffolding (too strong a word), or is quite willing to have it kicked away.

A third delusion is obviously the manufacture of the musical chemists, who wish to label all the various techniques of composers and who talk of Stravinsky as a past-master in the art of elimination, economy, and elliptic methods. But this is approaching the question with a biased mind. You cannot elide what was never there, nor ought ever to be there. Stravinsky's empiric methods take him to expression of the most direct kind and from this point of view he makes other methods seem conventional and verbose. But no one is more conventional than Stravinsky when he repeats some short savage rhythm for eighteen or twenty bars at a time. This is the convention of primitive man; the other, of civilised man. Stravinsky is dealing with primitive subjects; but even so, he cannot get away from convention.

* * * * *

As Stravinsky is only thirty-nine—much is still possible in the way of composition, if not in further innovations. He was born on the Oranienbaum estate, near Petrograd. His father was a bass singer, taking

Varlaam (in "Boris Godunoff") amongst many other parts at the Maryinsky Theatre. The boy was educated for the legal profession, and for his piano-playing he was placed under the charge of a Rubinstein pupil. Three meetings seem to have been all-important to his musical career—with Rimsky-Korsakoff at Heidelberg in 1902, which resulted in regular lessons with him in composition; with his wife, for it was in 1906, the year of his marriage, that he decided to devote himself entirely to composition; and with Diagilieff, in 1909, as he commissioned many and produced most of the pieces which have made Stravinsky famous.

* * * * *

Up to the present the works of Stravinsky divide into two groups: those written before "The Fire-Bird" (1910) and those after. In the first group we find an early symphony (written when studying with Rimsky-Korsakoff), a Suite for voice and orchestra on Pushkin's "Faun and Shepherdess," an orchestral "Fantastic Scherzo," inspired by Maeterlinck's "The Life of the Bee," two songs to words by Serge Gododetsky, four piano studies, "Five Easy Pieces" for piano-duet (played at the Steinway Hall in July last by Leginska and Catherine van der Roest) and two *pièces d'occasion*—"Fireworks" (for the marriage of Sonia, Rimsky-Korsakoff's niece, to M. Steinberg the composer), and "Funeral Song" in commemoration of his master's death.

It was in 1909 whilst he was engaged on the first part of "The Nightingale" that he attracted Diagilieff's attention, and since that time the composer and this great Russian entrepreneur have frequently co-operated. But before "The Nightingale" was finished, Stravinsky had commenced and completed "The Fire-Bird," evidently at Diagilieff's suggestion; for it was Fokin who arranged the Russian fairy tale and invented the choreography. "The Fire-Bird" music, belonging to the earlier period rather than to the later, reveals a certain relationship with Glinka's "Russlan" (1842) as well as Musorgsky's "The Marriage-Broker" and "The Fair at Sorotchinsh." The original orchestration demands two piccolos, three flutes, three oboes, one cor anglais, four clarinets, one bass clarinet, three bassoons, two double bassoons, four horns, three trumpets, three trombones, one tuba, percussion, celesta, piano, three harps and strings; but the work has since been arranged as a concert suite for a conventional orchestra (which seems to me a pity).

"The Nightingale" (on Hans Andersen's fairy tale), though begun in 1909, was not finished until early in 1914, when it was given in Sir Joseph Beecham's Russian season at Drury Lane. Stravinsky, believing that music "may be married to gesture or to words, but not to both without committing bigamy," called his work, not an opera, but a Lyrical Tale; and caused his chief singing character to be invisible. There are three acts, the first representing his earlier musical style, hardly being homogeneous with the other two. It was probably this disparity which caused the composer to write a new version, transforming the original opera into a ballet in two scenes, where what is sung by the human voice in the opera is given to instruments. It is not intended however that one version shall supersede

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XUM

the other, and there are still many who prefer the original vocal version to the Paris performance of 1920; for the scenic action becomes somewhat difficult to follow without the words.

Whereas in "The Fire-bird" the orchestral commentary takes a leading place, in the burlesque "Petruschka" the actual ballet is taken whole-heartedly into the scheme of things, a fact which may be accounted for by the collaboration of Mr. Alexandre Benois in designing the four tableaux. The scene is laid in Petrograd about 1830; and in the midst of the carnival in Admiralty Square appears an old magician of Oriental aspect who displays to the crowd his three animated puppets—Petruschka, the Dancer, and the Moor, all endowed by his enchantments with human attributes and sentiments. Full of humorous touches, biting realisms, and picturesque events, and permeated with the true spirit of Russian folk-song, it is to my mind Stravinsky's finest work.

With the greater claims of the actual ballet in "The Rite of Springtime," the composer makes his music more direct, economical, increasingly physical and consequently more challenging. We have experienced the piece under three forms—with the original Nijinsky choreography in 1914 (unquestionably the most powerful presentment), with the new choreography by Massine (probably because the new and more cosmopolitan members of the 1921 ballet do not know the original presentation) and as a concert version, by Mr. Eugène Goossens. Whereas it stood the concert test splendidly, the new choreography let the work down badly.

At a concert of Stravinsky Chamber Music given by Mr. Ansermet in July, 1920, we heard the methods of "The Rite" applied to smaller and lighter subjects: "The History of a Soldier," the "Berceuses du Chat" (contralto voice and three clarinets) and "Pribaoutky" (four songs for voice and chamber orchestra). Musically they add very little to the Stravinsky of the ballets.

It is when we come to such things as the Symphony for wood-wind orchestra, in memory of Debussy, that we pause. The excuse that it was badly performed at the Kussevitschky concert in June is disquieting when coupled with the conductor's explanation that it was only owing to the composer's last moment importunity that it was performed at all.

"Ragtime" is frankly a skit, and a satire at the same time. It is written for the curious orchestra of two violins, viola, and double bass (no cello), flute, clarinet, horn, cornet, trombone, percussion and cymbalum, an instrument in which the composer is greatly interested. It is a brilliant parody of a fashion whose force is now fortunately nearly spent.

The arrangement of Pergolesi's ballet for the production of "Pulcinello" need only be recorded here. Amongst other recent publications, there are the "Three Japanese Lyrics"; and rumour has it that the composer is now working at a new mystic ballet, entitled "Svadebka."

* * * * *

Stravinsky resides in Switzerland where the beautiful scenery inspires him, just as it did Tchaikovsky and Scriabin in earlier times; but though a cosmopolitan in general, his music is nearly always endowed with a strong tinge of nationality, none the less valuable for being more subtle than the methods of those who use actual folk-song material for their themes.

PIONEERS OF THE KEYBOARD.*

A famous French critic once calmly proclaimed that the supremacy of England in the realm of poetry is as indisputable as the supremacy of Greece in the realm of sculpture. That assertion (quite unquestionably true) may be commended to the notice of the hard-faced persons who consider that the supremacy of England is to be sought in regions nearer to Throgmorton Street, or Dublin Castle, than to the twin peaks of Parnassus. In the realm of music we cannot claim supremacy; but, as I pointed out recently in a notice of Purcell, we can claim something like priority. The historian of music, considering opera, has very soon to discuss Purcell; and, considering counterpoint, he positively must begin with the almost miraculous "Sumer is icumen in."

In what may be called, roughly, pianoforte music (taking the existing piano to represent all the extinct tribe of keyboard plus strings, however the notes were produced), our priority is well maintained. Here, for instance, in this most admirable set of volumes, for which we cannot find due words of praise, so excellently are they edited and produced, we have John Blow, born in 1648; William Croft, born in 1677; Jerry Clarke, born in 1669; Ben Rogers, born in 1614, and others whose birth, like that of Jeames, is "wropt in mystry"; and the point to be observed about them all is that the pieces here given are not curiosities or historical survivals, but genuine musical inventions, fit to be played by any pianist and to delight any audience. Here we have the kind of pieces that Bach was afterwards to make famous in his French and English Suites. Here we have the "Grounds" (pieces constructed on a repeated ground bass) that were to come to such later perfection in the mighty Passacaglia in C minor for organ and the finale of Brahms's Fourth Symphony. But they are not mere anticipatory embryos. They are fine and exquisitely moulded compositions.

The two volumes of Croft, in particular, are a real addition to the pianist's library. Everybody knows one composition of Croft's—the hymn tune "St. Anne," to the words "O God, our help in ages past," perhaps the best hymn tune we have; but not everybody knows even one of the dozen Suites here made available. I really don't see how any self-respecting recitalist can avoid including William Croft henceforth in his concert programmes. I commend him and indeed all his fellows here collected, to the notice of Mr. Harold Samuel, most pious and musicianly of all our English pianists.

Mr. Fuller-Maitland is entitled to the gratitude of every music lover for the care he has bestowed on these pieces. I admire specially his courage in rejecting some of the "ornaments" which were the only means by which a note on the old instruments could be prolonged. On a modern piano, with its considerable sustaining power, the continual "shakes" are not only unnecessary, but actually irritating.

We must not forget a word of praise for Messrs. Chester, who, ever courageous for the ultra-moderns, are not unmindful of the English ancients. These volumes are the most remarkable three-shillings'-worths now obtainable.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* "The Contemporaries of Purcell: John Blow (2 vols.); William Croft (2 vols.); Jeremiah Clark (1 vol.); Various Composers (2 vols)." Selected and edited by J. A. Fuller-Maitland. 3s. net per vol. (Chester.)

LUTES AND LYRICS.*

Strange it is to think that a mere three hundred years ago—no distance at all as Time's crow flies—the lute was as popular as the pianoforte is now. The lute, which shares with the organ the boast of being the first instrument for which music was expressly composed, is of immense antiquity. Originally an Arab invention, *el'ud*, it began as a half-gourd fitted with a resonance-board—its strings of silk, played with a shell or quill plectrum. Later, it developed into a more craftsmanlike affair, built of twenty-one maple-wood pieces—flat-faced, round-backed, decked with three rosettes, and possessing eight strings, strung in pairs. By the Elizabethan period, the lute, at the height of its glory, was an ornate pear-shaped creation charmingly decorated with ivory, tortoiseshell and mother-of-pearl, and with "knots" or roses patterned on its sound-board. For this beautiful structure with its manifold strings, the great lute-masters of the seventeenth century composed their finest "ayres," words and music; often treating the lute as a definite independent part rather than an *obbligato*.

The lute, however, having reached this zenith, fell into a slow decline. Although J. S. Bach left a *partita* for it among his MSS., there is no instance of any engraved publication after 1760 for the poor neglected instrument. It is now represented by guitars, mandolins and the like—dim echoes, shapes and shadows. The lute, briefly, was the fine flower of a certain era "when Music, heavenly maid, was young"—Music, still youngest of all the arts.

Dr. Edmund H. Fellowes has transcribed and is republishing, in several volumes, the best vocal works of the English lutenists. He appends to each song a somewhat modernised solo version with pianoforte accompaniment. And the question arises, how far is he justified in this monument of research? Have these compositions any real appeal to the twentieth-century singer?

It must always remain a moot point, whether there be wisdom in the resuscitation of archaic art. Because that art was the offspring of certain contemporaneous conditions, which cannot possibly be reproduced. When the Sea of Faith was at the full, painters portrayed, by the hundred and thousand, Holy Families, saints male and female innumerable. Who depicts these now? The original impetus is lacking. In architecture, again, we cannot reduplicate the splendours of long-dead days: modern conditions at every point prohibit us. . . . Great literature alone, a rock amid swirling waves, survives and suffers no sea-change. And hence, no doubt, the late A. H. Bullen's work in rescuing from books of "ayres" the enchanting lyrics of Campion, Rosseter, and the rest, is more valuable to the world at large than the reissue of these lyrics with their musical settings and lute-parts.

Dowland's songs show little or no attempt at contrapuntal ingenuity, being practically harmonised tunes. But they are of great melodic beauty, by which they still retain a vitality above that of all other Elizabethan compositions. Their very names are exquisite: "Rest awhile, you cruel cares"; "Sleep, wayward thoughts"; "All ye whom Love or Fortune hath betrayed." And here, frankly heterodox, I claim that these noble melodies deserve a better, a more modern treatment. The bare pianoforte arrangement of Dowland's original harmonies isn't good enough for our present generation. Harmony, *circa* 1590, was timid, tentative—sometimes positively ugly in its crudity. The habit of closing songs in minor keys upon major chords becomes, reiterated, almost maddening. And I believe that to provide such vocal and beautiful airs with fresh harmonies and accompaniments, more consonant with modern feeling, would not do Dowland an injustice, but would give him a new lease of life.

Much the same remarks apply to Thomas Ford, whose "Since first I saw your face" and "There is a lady sweet and kind" are familiar to every amateur choral society.

* "The English School of Lutenist Song-Writers." Transcribed, Scored and Edited from the Original Editions. By Edmund Horace Fellowes, M.A., Mus.Doc.; John Dowland, "First Book of Airs," 1597. (Part II.) Thomas Ford, "Airs to the Lute," 1607. 6s. each. (Winthrop Rogers.)

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MAY BYRON.

NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

ENGLISH FOLK SONGS. Arranged by F. Bennicke Hart. (Stainer & Bell.)

This very good collection of English Folk Songs arranged for young pianists is preceded by an apt foreword to the young musician explaining what folk songs are and why they form an important class of music all to themselves. "They have lived so long," says Mr. Hart, "that we know they must be *true*. All good music is true as well as beautiful. In fact good music is beautiful *because* it is true." The book contains such folk songs as "Go From My Window," "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes," "The Miller of Dee," "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington," and "Early One Morning." The folk songs are in three volumes—the songs mentioned above being in Book I.

THE PEGASUS. By Paul Edmonds. (Enoch.)

"An Imitation Nautical Song" is the sub-title to "The Pegasus," and J. C. Squire's words are "after Sir Henry Newbolt." Both words and music are a skilful burlesque of the real article.

BUTTERFLY WALTZ (from "Princessa Ruususesta"). By Erkki Melartin. (Augener.)

Dainty, fluttering and tuneful is the "Butterfly Waltz," by Erkki Melartin. A delightful little cameo.

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An album of moderately difficult pieces that give scope for much expression in playing.

The Drama.

THE "APRON"-STAGE AT THE "OLD VIC."

BY S. R. LITTLEWOOD.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. S. R. Littlewood.**

THERE is, of course, a certain justice in the light-hearted taunts levelled at London over the opening of Mr. Nugent Monck's little "Elizabethan theatre" at Norwich—that we at the heart of things have nothing permanent in that kind. But the charge is at best a superficial one. Was not the very idea of getting back to Elizabethan scenic conditions born in London when Mr. Poel gave his Quarto "Hamlet" at St. George's Hall forty years ago? It is not lack of enthusiasm that prevents us from having in London that long-dreamt-of little gem of an "Elizabethan theatre" with an "apron"-stage jutting out into the audience, which all of us know to be absolutely necessary for the dovetailing of Shakespeare's scenes and the right speaking of his verse. The hindrances are solely of an economic order, and will probably be overcome before long.

Meanwhile we have an obvious answer in possessing, at the "Old Vic," an "apron"-stage (a yard or two of it, anyhow) bequeathed naturally from the past. There, too, we have Shakespeare played, if not exactly in accordance with Elizabethan method, at any rate in the true Elizabethan spirit—popularly, and vigorously, with no costly outlay upon spectacle. It is delightful to be able to record that the new "Old Vic" season which opened with "Much Ado About Nothing," followed up by "Richard II," is already proving a glorious success on both sides of the footlights. The old theatre has been crammed to the doors, and the applause has had about it a ring of passionate gratitude that one finds nowhere else just now.

Moreover, as a producer, Mr. Robert Atkins is showing himself a creative artist and man of ideas with far more in him than anyone had expected. His "Much Ado" was a triumph in the use of very limited material to beautiful ends. The "conventional" arbour scene, with its flight of steps and only the tree tops beyond, was one of the most beautiful scenic designs, as such, that I have seen anywhere. His use of the "apron" for the ceremony of Claudio's visit to the tomb of Hero, with the verses dropped actually over into the newly-sunken orchestra, could not have been happier or more "impressive"—to use a dreadful word. His "Richard II," though to me not quite so memorable, was at any rate an astonishing conquest over conditions even more difficult.

At the same time, not to grow tedious in the eternal praise of the "Old Vic," and the magnificent work Mr. Atkins is doing there, I must confess that—even with its "apron"—it does not quite fulfil our "Elizabethan" needs. The very fact that Mr. Atkins is a producer with special abilities and ambitions in design, suggests somehow that he will soon grow tired of what one may call "bare-board" work. He has before him a tough problem, too, in the undoubted fact that "Elizabethan" Shakespeare will never be modernly "popular," whereas the "Old Vic" is still a "popular" theatre, and will probably always remain so. Mr. Atkins has used the "apron" most ably and shrewdly, in so far as he can; but for the full use of it a highly-trained Shakespearean public is essential—a public who know Shakespeare, and the Elizabethan language, literature and environment, so well that it does not put too great a strain upon their imaginations.

Also, a company permanently trained is needed to

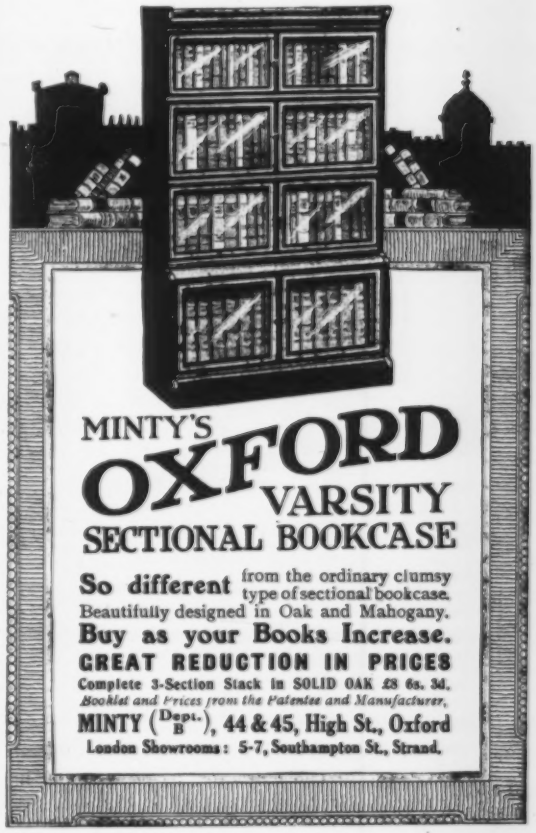
hold an audience with speech alone, and to give every word its due weight. Mr. Atkins has not quite got either of these at the "Old Vic" just now. Miss Florence Buckton, the new Beatrice, spoke much too fast—sometimes almost unintelligibly—though the men were all good, very specially the Dogberry of Mr. Andrew Leigh. Lively Benedick though he was, Mr. Rupert Harvey seemed to me rather too solid a Bolingbroke in "Richard II," and Mr. Ernest Milton's Richard too much of a picture. A soliloquy spoken at the back of the stage is just making a bad convention out of what was perfectly natural under "platform" conditions. Still, thank Heaven for the "Old Vic"!

THE COMEDY OF HORRORS: THE NEW PROGRAMME AT THE LITTLE THEATRE.

Grand Guignol acting sears the imagination like a flame. Its vivid realisms of tone, look and gesture lodge deep in the subconscious memory, and remain part of one's emotional history long after the separate plots which they lit up have faded. Their effect is cumulative: Miss Thorndike's tender pathos, the rugged strength of Mr. Bealby, the subtle irony of Mr. Casson, surviving from one series to another, supply the desired atmosphere from the very rise of the curtain (a big gain in a short-length play), and so secure for these artists a long start in their attack on the susceptibilities of their audience. This cumulative power is in all repertory work a most important factor, as the Grand Guignol management knows; it was a happy idea to clinch Mr. Stockwell Hawkins's success in "Shepherd's Pie" by the production of "Haricot Beans," another episode of Mr. Gubb's pathetically disreputable career; and Miss Thorndike's fine work in "Fear" and "The Unseen" is strengthened by memories of her past excellence in similar parts. Unfortunately the system works both ways; and Miss Gott, fresh from what was literally a *succes fou* in "The Old Women," comes into "The Unseen" trailing clouds of antipathy which make her impersonation of a doting mother seem strangely sinister and repulsive—a result detrimental to her present performance, however highly complimentary to its predecessor.

But if the fates rob Miss Gott in "The Unseen," in "E. and O.E." they make her handsome amends. In this play, the last and best of the new series, Mr. E. Crawshay-Williams blends the grotesque, the ludicrous and the horrible with a skill not far short of genius. We are told there are no new plots under the sun; but there are new methods, new atmospheres, of which this author has found one. The savage mother-in-law, the shallow, sentimental wife, the husband dying sardonically, the friend whose witty knavery makes their discomfiture complete—all these provide a piece which succeeds worthily to "Shepherd's Pie" and, like that comedy, is received with even more marked enthusiasm than the "horror" plays. In one of the latter the Grand Guignol breaks fresh ground by the introduction of self-satire, a method often branded by academic critics as a sign of decay. But what of that? With such material to hand as "E. and O.E." Mr. Levy need have no fears for his artistic future, and the fact that the new comedy is in all senses "original" should bring ample comfort to those critics who have complained of his too frequent dependence on translated plays.

For indeed this Fifth Series proves more clearly than ever that the Grand Guignol's horrors are far more an aperitif to its pure comedy than the *pièce de résistance* of its bill of fare. The whole question is as much one for the post-war psychologist as for the dramatic critic; for some reason the practice of fainting at the Little Theatre was suspended during my half-dozen visits, nor am I convinced that it has ever been so universal as the evening papers would have us believe. The only people likely to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indulge in it are the neurotic (and therefore abnormal) folk who leaven all London audiences, and those elders who are sufficiently mid-Victorian to have preserved their mental make-up unaltered by the war. Our new world is not so easily upset by make-believe—or rather, we have survived enough real horror to enjoy its fictitious reproduction and yet "keep our hair on" (if I may steal a phrase from the philosophy of childhood) at the same time. This clearer sanity, one of the few assets of our world-liquidation, is a real help to us in forming a detached judgment of the Grand Guignol's art, and will not soon pass away; for the fathers have eaten bitter grapes in bitter earnest, and the children's teeth can no longer be artificially set on edge.

E. GRAHAM SUTTON.

DIFF'RENT. At the Everyman Theatre.

Not very—at first. Mr. O'Neill takes time to work his way into his theme; the action develops slowly, each point is underlined remorselessly, and the title is repeated till by the middle of the first act you begin to wish it could be expunged from the dictionary altogether. And then, bit by bit, the author's craft is justified; it has been worth while to define very carefully his heroine's idealism, for the sake of the tragic irony of its *dénouement*; her lover, the finest spirit in her little village, is rejected for one lapse in living up to her ferocious standard, but vows to wait till she sees reason; thirty years drag by; friend, father, brother, amid the contemptuous tolerance of their womenfolk, pass out on their inglorious ways; Caleb hopes on. At last, returning from his final voyage, he finds her long-pent passion squandered (as it were in the second childhood of desire) on as complete a scoundrel as one could wish to avoid. The end is suicide—but it is not merely sensational; for the real tragedy of Emma Crosby is not death, but the declension from an impossible altitude to an incredible depth—the sardonic contrast between life's continuity and the ideal's decay.

The play was followed by an amusing satire on the psycho-analysts of New York (or was it Hampstead? The audience's obtuseness to the main point of the dialogue set one thinking!) Mr. Macdermott's setting was sympathetic; and if his sky-piece was more suggestive of a glorified "area," the impression only strengthened the confined, hot-house atmosphere of the play. Miss Margaret Carter was splendidly decorative as Henrietta; but the success of the evening was Mr. Leslie Banks, both here and in the earlier play, where he was extraordinarily effective in a very difficult part; his Benny Rogers, indescribably repulsive even before his contemptible character is revealed in words, was a fine, genuine piece of acting, and his return to the Everyman is a recapture of which the management may well be proud.

Ibsen, Hauptmann, Georges Courteline and Emile Mazaud are among Mr. O'Neill's successors in the International Season which the Everyman, under the auspices of the League of Nations, will present during the winter. We shall await eagerly the announcement of the "many others" whom we are promised. Strindberg, perhaps? Not the trite, hectic Strindberg of "Miss Julie," but some play in which his mordant humour is focused on a more normal theme—"Comrades," for choice. Above all, Tchekov's "Seagull" or "The Cherry Orchard" would be a remarkably interesting contemporary to "Heartbreak House."

E. G. S.

ARAMINTA ARRIVES. At the Comedy Theatre.

Having read, reviewed and thoroughly enjoyed "Araminta" when that amusing and clever novel first appeared some years ago, I have wondered more than once why the heroine had never made a stage appearance; but here she is at last, beautifully impersonated by Miss Eileen Beldon, with Lady Tree as the terribly acute and ancient Countess of Crewkerne. The story stands the test of the footlights well, my one complaint being the entirely unnecessary minute or two of farce introduced when Araminta's pet ferret escapes in the Countess's bedroom, and people stand on chairs and the audience thinks it is funny. Apart from that injudicious interlude, the tale of the "goose-girl" and her progress from the dairy-maid stage to the living Gainsborough is delightful to watch. Her lover, the young artist, is excellently studied by Mr. W. Cronin Wilson; Mr. Lyall Swete as the dandy, Lord Cheriton, gave an artistic and flawless interpretation of a difficult part; and Mr. Roy Byford's Duke of Brancaster was a full-blooded and clever caricature, deliberately amusing. Miss Margaret Halstan and Miss Louise Hampton acted with fine taste in the parts of Mrs. Lascelles and Miss Burden respectively. The play is one of the prettiest in town at the moment. Mr. Snaith, the author, has a neat touch in dialogue, and the skill of the actors in making the points tell is indisputable. To render brilliant conversation without hardness or artificiality, as is constantly done in "Araminta," is a triumph.

W. L. R.

MODERN DRAMATISTS.*

Professor William Lyon Phelps is one of the most distinguished of American critics. He has escaped that provincialism which is the leading blemish of the literature of the United States, and he avoids, with beautiful fastidiousness, the least trace of what may be called the tongue of the cinema.

Every dramatic critic, every lover of the theatre, in this country will heartily agree with Professor Phelps's unnecessary apology for his latest book on the playwrights: "The last thirty years will probably be regarded by future historians as a great creative period in the drama. Perhaps any contemporary criticism gains in intimacy what it loses in authority. If some of the Elizabethans had only written less about Seneca and more about Shakespeare!"

"Essays on Modern Dramatists" are informed by deep knowledge of the lore of the stage illuminated by an enthusiasm which warms the heart of the reader. There are flashes of fine anger in the book also against standard stupidities. "That literary men cannot write plays is a lusty myth," Phelps says with splendid certainty. "Authors of inane reverberating claptrap never tire of repeating it. Yet the three foremost playwrights of the modern English theatre, Shaw, Galsworthy, Barrie, were all distinguished novelists before anyone thought of them in connection with the footlights. So was St. John Ervine; Dunsany was a writer of prose tales, and John Drinkwater a professional poet. To command an excellent literary style is not necessarily a fatal handicap."

Gilbert Chesterton proved this years back in his amazing "Magic"; and Miss Clemence Dane, the most literary of literary women, has scored the deepest success for many years in her first play, "A Bill of Divorcement."

It is often asked, and with great bewilderment, how Sir James M. Barrie leapt on to the stage, an instantly victorious harlequin. Professor Phelps is perfectly sound in his explanation that Barrie always speaks with his characters and is with them in their actions. They skip, quite alive, out of his brain.

While full of admiration for George Bernard Shaw, the writer admits that that very practical man of genius evades analysis: "He is a great teacher; and if you ask me, What does he teach? I confess I do not know." It is only a very wise man who can admit ignorance of any of his subjects.

There is a tendency at the moment to regard John Galsworthy as a novelist gone astray. It is the old obsession of stagey people who distrust literature. It is sound comment on Galsworthy as playwright that his persons are the embodiment of ideas—they are flesh and blood, they are real, but we are more interested in what they represent than what they actually are.

LOUIS J. MCQUILLAND.

* "Essays on Modern Dramatists." By W. Lyon Phelps. 10s. (Macmillan.)

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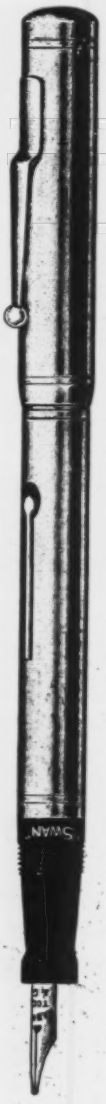

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